

AVPM

A Very Potter Musical

by Nick Lang, Matt Lang,
Brian Holden, Darren
Criss and A.J. Holmes

Based on the *Harry Potter* series by J.K. Rowling

Book by Nick Lang, Matt Lang, and Brian Holden

Music & Lyrics by Darren Criss and A.J. Holmes

Script Formatting & Stage Directions by Rylie Veneri

PRAISE FOR *A VERY POTTER MUSICAL*

“It’s a totally awesome, light-hearted, and strangely moving production that will have you laughing from lights up to curtain close.”

—**TIAN NIE, *THE DIALOG***

“Wacky humour, with characters being thrust into increasingly ridiculous situations that make perfect sense in the world of the show, [and] witty lyrics that you can listen to over and over again and, most importantly, tunes that are memorable.”

—***SHOULD I SEE IT?***

“With awesome one liners and hilarious in-jokes, this has to be one of my favorite musicals ever. It does not fail in entertainment, and keeps you attracted throughout the show, as well as the catchy musical tunes which will keep you singing one line through your head for the rest of the week before you go back and listen to it... If you're a huge Potter fan you will absolutely love this. Ten out of Ten.”

—**KIRSTEN VON WERSTAK, *IMDB***

“It is witty, hilarious, ridiculous, and fun.”

—**TK LAWRENCE, *WIZROCKLOPEDIA***

“I seriously would consider giving up the chance to watch anything else live again for the chance to be in that [original] audience.”

—**EDUARDA HANAUER**

“You’d be hard-pressed to find any fan-made project that surpasses *A Very Potter Musical* in terms of the talent and charm involved. It’s a resounding, winning experience that anyone who loves the Harry Potter world, musicals, and quirky humor should really carve out time to experience.”

—**DAN S., *EARN THIS***

“It’s easy to say that this musical is ‘totally awesome.’”

—**BETH PEREZ, *TEEN IN***

A VERY POTTER MUSICAL

A “TOTALLY AWESOME” NEW MUSICAL

Based on the Harry Potter series by J.K. Rowling

BOOK BY **Nick Lang, Matt Lang, and Brian Holden**

MUSIC BY **Darren Criss and A.J. Holmes**

TEAM STARKID, UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN, MICHIGAN 2009

A Very Potter Musical Script was created by Rylie Verner using a subtitle transcript provided to YouTube user @MoonShoesPotter by u/NadCat_ on Reddit. The original transcriber is unknown to this author.

The *A Very Potter Musical* Fan Musical was originally produced and performed solely for the personal, non-commercial enjoyment of the cast and crew, along with other Harry Potter fans. This musical was in no way sponsored, approved, endorsed by or affiliated with J.K. Rowling or Warner Bros. or any of their affiliates.

SPECIAL NOTE

There is no official way to reproduce this musical, and no rights can be purchased anywhere. If you chose to reproduce this piece, you are accepting all risks involved, must make no profit, and you are required to give credit to the Authors (Book, Music and Lyrics) as sole and exclusive Authors of the Musical on the title page of all programs distributed in connection with performances of the Musical and in all instances in which the title of the Musical appears for purposes of advertising, publicizing or otherwise exploiting the Musical and/or a production thereof. The names of the Authors must appear on a separate line, in which no other name appears, immediately beneath the title and in size of type equal to, or larger than, 50% of the size of the largest, most prominent letter used for the title of the Musical. No person, firm or entity may receive credit larger or more prominent than that accorded the Authors. The following acknowledgment must appear on the title page in all programs distributed in connection with performances of the Play:

Originally produced by Team StarKid Productions on April 9, 2009.

Special thanks to YouTube user and creator @MoonShoesPotter for remastering the musical's original recording, which was used for stage directions and was vital for the creation of this script.

A VERY POTTER MUSICAL

PRODUCTION HISTORY

A Very Potter Musical had its world premiere at University of Michigan on April 9th, 2009 and ran for one weekend with its final performance on April 11th, 2009. It was directed by Matt Lang, and assistant directed by Nick Lang. The production stage manager was Emily Stromberg. The lighting design was by Mary Clare Blake Booth, the scenic design was by Lisa Griebel, the costume design was by Marguerite Woodward, and the sound design was by Matt Glenn. The choreographer was Briteny Coleman and the light board operator was Rachael D. Albert.

The cast was as follows:

HARRY POTTER	Darren Criss
RON WEASLEY	Joey Richter
HERMIONE GRANGER	Bonnie Gruesen
GINNY WEASLEY	Jaime Lyn Beatty
LORD VOLDEMORT	Joseph Walker
QUIRINUS QUIRRELL	Brian Rosenthal
DRACO MALFOY / HUNGARIAN HORNTAIL	Lauren Lopez
CHO CHANG / HUNGARIAN HORNTAIL / NEWSIE #2	Devin Lytle
PANSY PARKINSON / MOLLY WEASLEY / MARIETTA	Lily Marks
EDGECOMBE / DEATH EATER #3	
ALBUS DUMBLEDORE	Dylan Saunders
CEDRIC DIGGORY / CORNELIUS FUDGE / DEATH EATER #4 /	Tyler Brunsman
ERNIE MACMILLAN	
LAVENDER BROWN / DEATH EATER #1 / NEWSIE #3 / DEMENTOR	Sango Tajima
SEVERUS SNAPE	Joe Moses
GREGORY GOYLE / RUMBLEROAR / DEATH EATER #2	Jim Povolo
NEVILLE LONGBOTTOM	Richard Campbell
VINCENT CRABBE	Julia Albain
BELLATRIX LESTRANGE / HANNAH ABBOTT / NEWSIE #1	Britney Coleman

This original production was produced by University of Michigan's Basement Arts, originally under the name *Harry Potter the Musical*, before changing the name to *HP the Musical*. The final performance on April 11th, 2009 was filmed and released July 5th, 2009 through YouTube with the name *A Very Potter Musical*, as a 23-part series, and is still accessible for viewing (as of June 2024).

TIME

2009, a time when Zac Efron and High School Musical ruled pop culture.

PLACE

Hogwarts. A magical school where no one ever dies, *somewhere* in the world.

CHARACTERS

^HARRY POTTER, 12, “The Boy Who Lived” turned out to be a typical high school guitar-playing kid
^*RON WEASLEY, 12, Harry’s snack-obsessed best friend, who’s ignoring his attraction to Hermione
^*HERMIONE GRANGER, 12, Harry’s other best friend, who’s caring and a know-it-all student
*GINNY WEASLEY, 11, Ron’s younger sister, hopelessly in love with Harry and eager to prove herself
LORD VOLDEMORT, 40s, a dark lord who’s determined to kill Harry and is in an awkward bromance
QUIRINUS QUIRRELL, 30s, the timid Dark Arts teacher with a surprise on the back of his head
*DRACO MALFOY, 12, Harry’s melodramatic rival with an love/hate obsession with Hermione
*GREGORY GOYLE, 12, Draco’s loyal deep-voiced henchman, always ready to follow any orders
*VINCENT CRABBE, 12, Another of Draco’s henchmen, equally as dense as Goyle but rarely speaks
*CHO CHANG, Teens, a sweet and popular Ravenclaw who captures Harry’s heart but is dating Cedric
CEDRIC DIGGORY, Teens, a particularly good finder and a perfect boyfriend to one Cho Chang
ALBUS DUMBLEDORE, 40s, the eccentric, Snape-loving headmaster with a knack for wisdom
SEVERUS SNAPE, 40s, the sarcastic and brooding Potions Master trying to kill Albus Dumbledore
*NEVILLE LONGBOTTOM, twelve, an awkward kiss-ass Gryffindor who’s picked on by others
*LAVENDER BROWN, Teens, a hot-headed Ravenclaw, quick to shut down Ginny’s accidental racism
MARIETTA EDGEcombe, Teens, a member of Cho Chang’s posse and member of Ravenclaw House
*PANSY PARKINSON, Teens, Draco’s date to the Yule Ball, she’s pretty kind for a Slytherin
BELLATRIX LESTANGE, 30s, Voldemort’s devoted follower and lover, lives for chaos and evil
MOLLY WEASLEY, 40s, the loving Weasley matriarch, willing to do the unforgivable for her kids
GROWLUS RUMBLEROAR, the lion headmaster of Pigfarts, another school of magic located on Mars
CORNELIUS FUDGE, 40s, the Minister of Magic who denies Voldemort’s return no matter what
DEMENTOR, a evil soul-sucking creature at Azkaban who’s willing to be a shoulder to cry on
*HANNAH ABBOTT, Teens, Hufflepuff Prefect, and friend to both Cedric and Neville
*ERNIE MACMILLAN, Teens, a close friend of Cedric’s and Hannah’s, and a Hufflepuff
HUNGARIAN HORNTAIL, a dragon Harry has to battle in the House Cup Tournament
DEATH EATERS (4), 20s/30s, loyal servants to Lord Volemort who’ve sworn their lives to him
NEWSIES (3), 20s, papergirls (or boys) who work for the Daily Prophet and sell their newspaper

^ - Indicates a member of “The Trio™”, our group of heroes and our main three characters

* - Indicates a member of “The DA”, Dumbledore’s Army, who rise to fight against Voldemort

SCENES & SONGS

ACT ONE

SCENE 1.1	Harry's Bedroom
Goin' Back To Hogwarts: Part One	<i>Harry & Ron</i>
SCENE 1.2	Diagon Alley
Goin' Back To Hogwarts: Part Two	<i>Harry, Ron & Hermione</i>
Goin' Back To Hogwarts: Part Three	<i>Cho Chang, Cho's Posse & Cedric Diggory</i>
Goin' Back To Hogwarts: Part Four	<i>Company</i>
SCENE 1.3	Great Hall Cafeteria
SCENE 1.4	Quirrell's Chambers
Different As Can Be	<i>Quirrell & Voldemort</i>
SCENE 1.5	Gryffindor Common Room
Ginny's Song	<i>Harry</i>
Harry	<i>Ginny</i>
SCENE 1.6	Hogwarts Corridor
SCENE 1.7	Quirrell's Chambers
Different As Can Be (Reprise)	<i>Quirrell & Voldemort</i>
SCENE 1.8	The Grounds of Hogwarts
Hey Dragon	<i>Harry & Hungarian Horntail</i>
SCENE 1.9	Great Hall Cafeteria
Cho's Song	<i>Harry</i>
SCENE 1.10	Yule Ball (in the Great Hall)
Granger Danger	<i>Ron & Draco</i>
SCENE 1.11	The Graveyard
To Dance Again	<i>Voldemort, Quirrell, Death Eaters, & Snape</i>
SCENE 1.12	Yule Ball (in the Great Hall)

ACT TWO

SCENE 2.1	Diagon Alley
SCENE 2.2	Great Hall Cafeteria
SCENE 2.3	Voldemort's Office
Pigfarts, Pigfarts, Here I Come... ..	<i>Draco</i>
SCENE 2.4	Hogwarts Corridor
SCENE 2.5	The Minister's Office
Missing You	<i>Harry & Quirrell</i>
SCENE 2.6	Hogwarts Corridor
Not Alone	<i>Ginny, Harry, Ron & Hermione</i>
SCENE 2.7	Dumbledore's Office
SCENE 2.8	The Forbidden Forest
SCENE 2.9	The Void
SCENE 2.10	Great Hall Cafeteria
Voldemort Is Going Down	<i>Ron, Hermione, Ginny, Harry, & the DA</i>
SCENE 2.11	Azkaban Island
Finale (Not Alone, Reprise)	<i>Company</i>

ACT ONE

SCENE 1.1

(A small, cramped bedroom underneath the stairs of the Dursleys house. HARRY POTTER is sitting on a suitcase in a school uniform waiting. He has a pair of circle-framed glasses, a brown wooden wand, and a lightning bolt-shaped scar on his forehead.)

GOIN' BACK TO HOGWARTS: PART 1

HARRY:

UNDERNEATH THESE STAIRS I HEAR THE SNEERS
AND FEEL THE GLARES
OF MY COUSIN, MY UNCLE AND MY AUNT
I CAN'T BELIEVE HOW CRUEL THEY ARE,
AND IT STINGS MY LIGHTNING SCAR
TO KNOW THEY'LL NEVER,
EVER GIVE ME WHAT I WANT
I KNOW I DON'T DESERVE THESE
STUPID RULES MADE BY THE DURSLEYS
HERE ON PRIVET DRIVE.
I CAN'T TAKE ALL OF THESE MUGGLES
BUT DESPITE ALL OF MY STRUGGLES
I'M STILL ALIVE
I'M SICK OF SUMMER AND THIS WAITING AROUND
MAN, IT'S SEPTEMBER AND I'M SKIPPING THIS TOWN
HEY, IT'S NO MYSTERY
THERE'S NOTHING HERE FOR ME NOW
I GOTTA GET BACK TO HOGWARTS!
I GOTTA GET BACK TO SCHOOL

I GOTTA GET MYSELF TO HOGWARTS
WHERE EVERYBODY KNOWS I'M COOL!
BACK TO WITCHES AND WIZARDS
AND MAGICAL BEASTS
TO GOBLINS AND GHOSTS,
AND TO MAGICAL FEASTS
IT'S ALL THAT I LOVE
AND IT'S ALL THAT I NEED AT
HOGWARTS, HOGWARTS
I THINK I'M GOING BACK

I'LL SEE MY FRIENDS, GONNA LAUGH TILL WE CRY
TAKE MY FIREBOLT, GONNA TAKE TO THE SKY
NO WAY THIS YEAR ANYONE'S GONNA DIE
AND IT'S GONNA BE TOTALLY AWESOME!
I'LL CAST SOME SPELLS WITH A FLICK OF MY WAND
DEFEAT THE DARK ARTS, YEAH, BRING IT ON!
AND DO IT ALL WITH MY BEST FRIEND RON
'CAUSE TOGETHER WE'RE TOTALLY AWESOME!

*(RON WEASLEY, Harry's best friend and confidant, enters the
bedroom with a bag of Floo Powder.)*

RON:

YEAH, AND IT'S GONNA BE TOTALLY AWESOME!

—

RON: Did somebody say Ron Weasley?

HARRY: What's up, buddy?

RON: Hey! Hey, sorry it took me so long to get here; I had to get some floo powder, but we gotta get going, come on, get your trunk, let's go!

HARRY: Where are we going?

RON: To Diagon Alley, of course!

HARRY: Cool!

RON: Come on!

(Harry & Ron use the floo powder to teleport to Diagon Alley, while they both chant repeatedly: Floo powder power!)

SCENE 1.2

(Harry & Ron arrive in a busy Diagon Alley, where fellow students are rushing to stores to buy supplies for the school year.)

GOIN' BACK TO HOGWARTS: PART 2

RON:

IT'S BEEN SO LONG, BUT WE'RE GOING BACK
DON'T GO FOR WORK, DON'T GO THERE FOR CLASS

HARRY:

AS LONG AS WE'RE TOGETHER

RON:

GONNA KICK SOME ASS

HARRY & RON:

AND IT'S GONNA BE TOTALLY AWESOME!
THIS YEAR WE'LL TAKE EVERYBODY BY STORM
STAY UP ALL NIGHT, SNEAK OUT OF OUR DORM

(HERMIONE GRANGER, Harry & Ron's other best friend who completes their trio, enters and surprises Harry & Ron.)

HERMIONE:

BUT LET'S NOT FORGET THAT WE NEED TO
PERFORM WELL IN CLASS
IF WE WANT TO PASS OUR O.W.L.S.

RON: God, Hermione, why do you have to be such a buzzkill?

HERMIONE: Because guys, school's not all about having fun. We need to study hard if we want to be good witches and wizards.

I MAY BE FRUMPY, BUT I'M SUPER SMART
CHECK OUT MY GRADES: THEY'RE A'S, FOR A START!
WHAT I LACK IN LOOKS, WELL, I MAKE UP IN HEART
AND WELL, GUYS, YEAH, THAT'S TOTALLY AWESOME!
THIS YEAR I PLAN TO STUDY A LOT

RON:

THAT WOULD BE COOL IF YOU WERE ACTUALLY HOT

HARRY:

HEY RON! COME ON!
WE'RE THE ONLY FRIENDS THAT SHE'S GOT

RON:

AND THAT'S COOL!

HERMIONE:

AND THAT'S TOTALLY AWESOME!

HARRY, RON & HERMIONE:

YEAH, IT'S SO COOL, AND IT'S TOTALLY AWESOME!
WE'RE SICK OF SUMMER AND THIS WAITING AROUND
IT'S LIKE WE'RE SITTING IN THE LOST AND FOUND
DON'T TAKE NO SORCERY
FOR ANYONE TO SEE HOW

WE GOTTA GET BACK TO HOGWARTS!
WE GOTTA GET BACK TO SCHOOL
WE GOTTA GET BACK TO HOGWARTS
WHERE EVERYTHING IS MAGIC-COOOOOL!
BACK TO WITCHES AND WIZARDS,
AND MAGICAL BEASTS
TO GOBLINS AND GHOSTS,
AND TO MAGICAL FEASTS
IT'S ALL THAT I LOVE
AND IT'S ALL THAT I NEED
AT HOGWARTS! HOGWARTS!
I THINK WE'RE GOIN' BACK!

(GINNY WEASLEY, Ron's younger sister, enters and spots Ron.)

GINNY: Ron! You were supposed to take me to Madam Malkin's-

RON: (*overlapping Ginny*) No, no, no, no, no.

GINNY: -and use those Sickles Mom gave you for my robe fittings.

HARRY: Umm, who's this?

RON: Uh, this is stupid little dumb sister Ginny. She's a freshman.
Ginny, this is Harry. (*trying to be nonchalant*) Harry Potter. It's Harry Potter.

GINNY: (*shaking Harry's hand excessively*) Oh! You're Harry Potter!
You're the boy who lived!

HARRY: Yeah. You're Ginny.

GINNY: It's Ginevra.

HARRY: Cool! Ginny's fine.

(Ginny is shaking Harry's hand when Ron walks over and slaps his hands loudly in her ears, known as the "Weasley Hand-Clap", causing her to scream and let go.)

RON: Stupid sister! Don't crowd the famous friend.

HERMIONE: Do you guys hear music or something?

HARRY: Music? What are you talking about?

RON: Yeah, someone's coming.

HARRY: Someone's coming.

RON: Woah.

(Cho's Posse, a group of three Ravenclaws, enter in the following order: LAVENDER BROWN in the front, MARIETTA EDGEcombe in the middle, and CHO CHANG in the back. They perform a rehearsed suggestive dance routine and sing:)

GOIN' BACK TO HOGWARTS: PART THREE

CHO'S POSSE:

CHO CHANG! DOMO ARIGATO! CHO CHANG!
GUNG HEI FAT CHOY-CHANG
HAPPY HAPPY NEW YEAR, CHO CHANG!

GINNY: Oh, who's that?

HARRY: That's Cho Chang.

RON: That's the girl Harry's totally been in love with since freshman year.

HERMIONE: Yeah, but he won't say anything to her.

RON: Well, yeah, you never tell a girl you like her. It makes you look like an idiot! *(Ginny walks over to them)* What, What?

GINNY: *(Greeting Lavender)* Konichiwa Cho Chang, it is good to meet you. I am Ginny Weasley.

LAVENDER: Bitch, I ain't Cho Chang!

(Lavender Brown walks away to her posse, as Ron walks over to Ginny. Cho Chang also walks over.)

RON: That's Lavender Brown! *(does the Wealsey hand-clap to Ginny)*
Racist sister!

CHO CHANG: *(In a stereotypical southern-american accent)* It's all right. I'm Cho Chang, y'all.

HARRY: *(pulling Ron & Hermione over to the side, and Ginny follows)*
She is totally perfect.

HERMIONE: Yeah, too bad she's dating Cedric Diggory though, huh?

HARRY: What? Who the hell is Cedric Diggory? What is that? Who is that guy?

(CEDRIC DIGGORY, Cho Chang's strapping boyfriend, enters and pushes through The Trio™ and Ginny, causing them to fall to the ground, to get to Cho Chang. He sings to her:)

CEDRIC:

CHO CHANG!
I AM SO IN LOVE WITH
CHO CHANG!
FROM BANGKOK TO DING DANG,
I SING MY LOVE ALOUD FOR
CHO CHANG!

—

(Cedric chases Cho's Posse off-stage, and The Trio™ and Ginny all pick themselves back up from the ground.)

HARRY: I hate that guy! I hate him!

RON: *(to Ginny)* So are we gonna get those robes or not?

GINNY: Okay, all right, I'm going!

RON: God, sister!

(The Trio™ and Ginny all leave to get their robes. NEVILLE LONGBOTTOM enters and crosses, as CRABBE & GOYLE, two slytherin henchmen, corner him causing him to run into them.)

NEVILLE: Ahhh!

GOYLE: Present your arm, nerd!

NEVILLE: *(stuttering while presenting his arm)* W-w-what are you-

GOYLE: *(casting with his wand)* Indian Burn Hex!

NEVILLE: *(screaming in pain)* Owwwwwww!

(The Trio™, plus Ginny, enter with their robes and spot Neville.)

HARRY: Agh! Crabbe and Goyle.

GINNY: *(running over to Neville on the ground)* Are you okay?

HARRY: Hey, why don't you leave Neville Longbottom alone, huh?

GOYLE: Well, well, well. If it isn't Harry Potter. You think all because you're famous, you can boss everyone around!

HARRY: No, I just don't think it's cool for guys of your size to be picking on guys like Neville. C'mon!

GOYLE: Oh, well, you know what I think? *(grabbing Harry's glasses)* I think glasses are for nerds! Break! *(snaps the glasses)* We hate nerds!

CRABBE: *(to Hermione)* And girls!

RON: Well, you asked for it. You don't mess with Harry Potter. He beat the Dark Lord when he was a baby-

HERMIONE: *(interrupting, trying to defuse the situation)* All right, everyone just calm down. *(casting, at glasses)* Oculus Reparo!

(The spell causes Harry's glasses to be fixed and fly back onto Harry's face, as Hermione grabs his arm and pulls him away.)

HARRY: Whoa, cool!

HERMIONE: Now, let's leave these big baby childish jerks alone.

DRACO: *(from off-stage)* Did someone say Draco Malfoy?

(DRACO MALFOY enters, as if strutting into an arena with thunderous applause, instead everyone just stares at him.)

HARRY: What do you want, Draco?

DRACO: *(handing them money)* Crabbe, Goyle, be a pair of total duds and go pay for my robes, will you?

(They reply with a grunt, and leave, as Draco circles the group.)

DRACO: So, Potter, back for another year at Hogwarts are you? Maybe this year you'll wise up and hang out with a higher caliber of wizard.

HARRY: Hey listen, Malfoy. Ron and Hermione are my best friends in the whole world. I wouldn't trade them for anything.

DRACO: Have it your way. *(spotting Ginny)* Wait, don't tell me: Red hair, hand-me-down clothes, and a stupid complexion. You must be a Weasley!

RON: Oh my God, lay off, Malfoy. She may be a pain in the ass, okay? But she's my pain in the ass.

DRACO: Well, isn't this cute. It's like a whole loser family. Hogwarts has really gone to the dogs. Luckily, next year I'll be transferred to Pigfarts!

GOIN' BACK TO HOGWARTS: PART FOUR

DRACO:

THIS YEAR YOU BET, GONNA GET OUT OF HERE
THE REIGN OF DRACO IS DRAWING NEAR
I'LL HAVE THE GREATEST WIZARD CAREER
IT'S GONNA BE TOTALLY AWESOME!

(Crabbe & Goyle reenter with Draco's robes, going behind him.)

LOOK OUT WORLD, FOR THE DAWN OF THE DAY
WHEN EVERYONE WILL DO
WHATEVER I SAY!
AND POTTER WON'T BE IN MY WAY
AND THEN I'LL BE THE ONE
WHO IS TOTALLY AWESOME!

GOYLE:

YEAH, YOU'LL BE THE ONE
WHO IS TOTALLY AWESOME!

(A train horn sounds as a whole company of students enter.)

HERMIONE: Guys, come on, we're gonna miss the train!

COMPANY:

WHO KNOWS HOW FAST THIS YEAR'S GONNA GO?
HAND ME A GLASS, LET THE BUTTERBEER FLOW

HARRY:

MAYBE AT LAST I'LL TALK TO CHO!

RON:

OH NO, THAT'D BE WAY TOO AWESOME!

COMPANY:

WE'RE BACK TO LEARN EVERYTHING THAT WE CAN
IT'S GREAT TO COME BACK TO WHERE WE BEGAN

AND HERE WE ARE
AND ALAKAZAM!
HERE WE GO! THIS IS TOTALLY AWESOME!

(The students all disembark the train and arrive at Hogwarts' great hall/cafeteria combination. In the great hall, there are benches denoting each house with a center archway.)

COME ON AND TEACH US EVERYTHING YOU KNOW!
THE SUMMER'S OVER AND WE'RE ITCHING TO GO!

NEVILLE:

I THINK WE'RE READY FOR . . .
ALBUS DUMBLEDORE!

COMPANY:

AHHHH . . .

(ALBUS DUMBLEDORE, Hogwarts' headmaster, enters with a white beard and a wizard hat. Hanging out the side of his hat is his wand. As he enters the students all sort to their respective house benches. Gryffindor, far stage right, has Harry, Hermione, Ron, Ginny, and Neville. Ravenclaw next to them and the middle pathway, has Cho Chang, Lavender, and Marietta. Slytherin, on stage left of the pathway, has Draco, Crabbe and Goyle. Hufflepuff is next to them far stage left, with Cedric and HANNAH ABBOTT, one of Cedric's close friends.)

DUMBLEDORE: *(strutting down the pathway)*

WELCOME... *(he holds out the note until he runs out of breath)*

ALL OF YOU
TO HOGWARTS!
I WELCOME ALL OF YOU TO SCHOOL!
DID YOU KNOW THAT HERE AT HOGWARTS
WE'VE GOT A HIDDEN SWIMMING POOL?
WELCOME, WELCOME, WELCOME HOGWARTS
WELCOME HOTTIES, NERDS AND TOOLS
NOW THAT I'VE GOT YOU HERE AT HOGWARTS
I'D LIKE TO GO OVER JUST A COUPLE OF RULES.

DUMBLEDORE: My name is Albus Dumbledore and I am Headmaster of Hogwarts. You can all call me Dumbledore. I suppose you could also call me Albus, *(beat)* if you wanted detention. I'm just kidding. I'll expel you if you call me Albus.

(He walks to the back of the stage, as all the students dance.)

COMPANY:

BACK TO WITCHES AND WIZARDS
AND MAGICAL BEASTS
TO GOBLINS AND GHOSTS,
AND TO MAGICAL FEASTS
IT'S ALL THAT I LOVE
AND IT'S ALL THAT I NEED AT
HOGWARTS! HOGWARTS!
BACK TO SPELLS AND ENCHANTMENTS,
POTIONS AND FRIENDS!

GRYFFINDOR:

TO GRYFFINDOR!

HUFFLEPUFF:

HUFFLEPUFF!

RAVENCLAW:

RAVENCLAW!

SLYTHERIN:

SLYTHERIN!

COMPANY:

BACK TO THE PLACE WHERE OUR STORY BEGINS
AT HOGWARTS! HOGWARTS!

DUMBLEDORE:

I'M SORRY, WHAT'S ITS NAME?

COMPANY:

HOGWARTS! HOGWARTS!

DUMBLEDORE:

I DIDN'T HEAR YOU KIDS!

COMPANY:

HOGWARTS! HOGWARTS!

HARRY: Man, I'm glad I'm back.

(They all strike a pose with their wands towards the ceiling.)



SCENE 1.3

(The great hall/cafeteria combo. The students all return to their respective benches, as Dumbledore addresses them all.)

DUMBLEDORE: Yes, Yes, Yes. Welcome to another magical year at Hogwarts! And a very special welcome to my favorite student, Mr. Harry Potter!

RON: Woo! Woo! Woo!

DUMBLEDORE: He killed Voldemort when he was just a baby; he's even got that little lightning scar on his forehead to prove it! And another very special welcome to our newest addition to Gryffindor:

Mister Ginny . . . Excuse me, Mrs. Ginny Weasley.

GINNY: *(standing up)* Yeah, I'm a girl, and, um, also, aren't I supposed to be sorted by the, uh, Sorting Hat?

DUMBLEDORE: Well, um, a funny thing happened to the Sorting Hat. He actually got hitched with another piece of enchanted magical clothing. So he and the Scarf of Sexual Preference aren't going to be back until next year. *(beat)* Basically I've just been putting anybody who looks like a good guy into Gryffindor, anybody who looks like a bad guy into Slytherin, and the other two can just go wherever the hell they want. I don't really care.

CEDRIC: *(jumps up)* Hufflepuffs are particularly good finders!

DUMBLEDORE: *(completely serious)* What the hell is a Hufflepuff?

(After a beat, Cedric sits back down and Dumbledore continues.)

DUMBLEDORE: Anyway, it's time now for me to introduce my very good friend, and our own Potions professor, Mr. Severus Snape.

RON: Oh, man! Not Snape! I hoped they fired that guy.

GINNY: Why, what's wrong with Professor Snape?

RON: Uh, nothing, he's just, uh, EVIL!

(SEVERUS SNAPE enters with a swish of his long black cape.)

RON: He's Harry's nemesis.

HARRY: Come on Ron, he's really not that bad. I don't know what you're talking about-

SNAPE: Harry Potter! *(beat)* Detention.

HARRY: What?!

SNAPE: For talking out of turn. Now, before we begin, I'm going to give you all your very, very first pop quiz!

(A groan is shared through all the students, except for Hermione.)

SNAPE: Can anyone tell me what a Portkey is? *(Hermione's hand quickly shoots up)* Ah Yes, Miss Granger?

HERMIONE: *(quickly)* A Portkey is an enchanted object that when touched will transport the one or ones who touched it to anywhere on the globe decided upon by the enchanter.

SNAPE: Ah, very good. Now, can anyone tell me what foreshadowing is? *(Hermione's hand goes up again)* Yes, Miss Granger?

HERMIONE: *(even quicker)* Foreshadowing is a dramatic device in which an important plot point is mentioned early in the story to return later in a more significant way.

SNAPE: Perfect!

HARRY: Wait, what was the Portkey again? I missed that one.

RON: Not you, Oh My God-

HERMIONE: *(quickly)* A Portkey is something that when you touch it, it will transport you anywhere.

SNAPE: And remember, a Portkey can be any sort of seemingly harmless object, like a football, *(beat)* or a dolphin.

LAVENDER: Professor? Can, like, a person be a Portkey?

SNAPE: No, that's absurd. Because then if a person were to touch themselves... *(His head snaps to Ron, shocked Snape is staring at him. Ginny laughs at this.)* They would constantly be transported into different places. A person can, however, be a Horcrux.

HARRY: What's, uh, what's a Horcrux?

SNAPE: I'm not even going to tell you, Harry; you'll find out soon enough.

HERMIONE: Professor, what is the point of this quiz?

SNAPE: Oh, no, no, no point in particular *(beat)* Just important information that everyone should know. *(pointing to the audience)* Especially you! *(beat)* Now, moving right along, there are four houses in all. Gryffindor,

GRYFFINDOR: Woo! Ya!

SNAPE: Ravenclaw,

RAVENCLAW: Oww!

SNAPE: Hufflepuff,

CEDRIC: Find!

SNAPE: What? *(beat)* and Slytherin.

SLYTHERIN: Ahh, hiss!

SNAPE: Now, traditionally, points are given for good behavior and deducted for rule-breaking. Example: 10 points from Gryffindor!

GRYFFINDOR: *(all ad-lib)* What?!

SNAPE: For Miss Granger's excessive baby-fat.

GRYFFINDOR: *(all ad-lib)* Ohhhhh...

RON: Thanks, Hermione!

SNAPE: Traditionally, the house with the most points at the end of the year would win the House Cup. However, this year we're doing things a bit differently. Here to introduce it is our new professor of the Dark Arts, Professor Quirrell.

(QUIRINUS QUIRRELL, enters in an oversized robe and wearing a turban. Inside the robe is Quirrell on one side and a mysterious figure, hidden to the characters but not the audience, covered by the back of the turban and robe. Harry's scar instantly starts to burn his forehead as Quirrell enters.)

HARRY: *(in pain)* Ow! Ow! Ow!

HERMIONE: Harry, what's wrong? Do you need help?

QUIRRELL: The House Cup! A time-honored tradition. For centuries-

DRACO: *(in a poorly disguised voice)* Go home, terrorist!

(Quirrell and the students all look towards Draco, who looks around as if going "Who said that?". Quirrell goes on.)

QUIRRELL: For centuries, the four houses of Hogwarts have competed for the honor and glory holding the title of House Champion. But where does this competition come from? And what are the roots of the tradition?

HERMIONE: *(interrupting)* The house cup tournament began with the first generation of Hogwarts students.

QUIRRELL: That was a rhetorical question.

DUMBLEDORE: Granger, quit interrupting. 20 points from Gryffindor.

RON: Thanks, Hermione!

QUIRRELL: As I was saying, when the tournament first originated, it was one of a completely different sort. One champion from each of the four houses would complete a series of dangerous tasks. Challenges! The winner would not only win the cup; he would also win eternal glory.

HANNAH: Kind of like a House Cup - or no, like a Triwizard Tournament!

QUIRRELL: Yes, sort of like the Triwizard Tournament, except, no, not like that at all. There are four houses. How can this be the Triwizard Tournament with four teams?

HERMIONE: Well, uh, Professor, if I remember correctly, the House Cup Tournament was disbanded after one semester when one of its students was killed during the first task.

QUIRRELL: Yes. It is very dangerous, but the rewards far outweigh the risks.

HERMIONE: I don't think you heard me. I just said somebody died!

DUMBLEDORE: Hermione Granger, shut your ungodly, lopsided mouth and quit interrupting! 20 more points!

HARRY & RON: *(in unison)* Thanks, Hermione!

DUMBLEDORE: God, for the cleverest witch of your age, you can really be a dumbass sometimes. *(beat)* Ooh! 10 points to Dumbledore!

QUIRRELL: Yes, yes, well, it will be very dangerous, but the winner will be remembered as a hero for ages to come. And as the professor of Defense Against the Dark Arts, I believe that this practical application is exactly what the curriculum needs to -

“TURBAN”: Achoo!

DUMBLEDORE: Did your turban just sneeze?

QUIRRELL: Wh-what? No!

DUMBLEDORE: I could have sworn I heard a sneeze coming from your direction, but your mouth wasn't moving.

QUIRRELL: Oh! That . . . that was simply a fart. *(starting to exit by Griffndor)* Excuse me.

“TURBAN”: Achoo!

HARRY: *(as Quirrell passes by, his scar burns again)* Ow, ow, ow!

“TURBAN”: Achoo!

HARRY: *(the pain subsiding as Quirrell exits)* Ow, ow, oh geez.

QURRIELL: I must be going.

HARRY: Ow, Ow.

“TURBAN”: Achoo!

QURRIELL: I simply farted once more! Excuse me!

(Qurriell and the Mysterious Figure in his turban, exit as Snape grabs the Hogwarts House Cup filled with student names.)

DUMBLEDORE: In accordance with the newly resurrected House Cup, a champion from each house will be selected to compete. So, Snape, would you do us the honors, please?

SNAPE: Yes, Headmaster. First, *(he pulls from the cup)* from Ravenclaw house: A-Miss Cho Chang.

CHO CHANG: *(stands up, then sits down)* Oh my God, I won. I can't believe that y'all!

SNAPE: And next, *(pulls again)* from Hufflepuff: Mr. Cedric Diggory.

CEDRIC: *(stands up, to Dumbledore)* Well, I don't FIND this surprising at all! *(beat, then he sits down)*

CHO CHANG: This is perfect! Now I can spend more time with my beloved boyfriend!

CEDRIC: I'm glad as well, my darling.

SNAPE: And next, *(pulls once more)* from the Slytherin house: Draco Malfoy.

DRACO: *(running over to Harry, and jumping across Harry's, Hermione's and Ron's laps, before falling off to the ground)* Ha! Ho! I finally beat you, didn't I, Potter?! What do you think of that, huh? I'm the champion this time!

DUMBLEDORE: Draco, would you sit down, you little shit?
Champion's just a title!

(Draco, almost dejected, returns back to Slytherin as Snape pulls from the cup one last time.)

SNAPE: And finally, from the Gryffindor house: Oh my. Well, isn't this curious? The one person in all of Hogwarts whom I have a well-known grudge against is suddenly in a tournament where he may very well lose his life. It's-

NEVILLE: *(standing up)* If- If it's me, I'll apologize to my fellow Gryffindors right now for - for losing.

SNAPE: Sit down, you inarticulate bumble! *(beat)* It's Harry Potter.

GRYFFINDOR (excl. Hermione): *(ad-lib cheering)* Woo! Yeah!

DUMBLEDORE: Well, here they are, folks. The four Hogwarts champions. I want all of you to start preparing immediately, because the first task is in two months, and it could be anything. So let's get to it!

(Dumbledore along with Snape, and all the students besides The Trio™, exit. While leaving, they all start cheering for Cho Chang! Draco starts cheering for himself, before realizing no-one else is.)

DRACO: Malfoy! Malfoy! Mal-Malfoy. Wha-, hey?

(Draco sadly walks off alone, leaving just The Trio™ on a bench. Ron has pulled out a box of food from... somewhere? And has started to devour it.)

RON: Harry, you've got this tournament in the bag.

HARRY: I dunno man, Cedric Diggory, he's pretty awesome. Not! He sucks! We're totally gonna win, it's in the bag. *(They high-five.)*

HERMIONE: I don't know, Harry-

RON: OH MY GOD, Hermione, shut up! Why do you have to rain on everybody's parade?

HERMIONE: Because, *Ron*, this is dangerous!

HARRY: Dangerous? Oh come on, Hermione, how dangerous can it be? Especially for me?

HERMIONE: Wha - you're not invincible Harry. Somebody died in this tournament.

HARRY: Uh, I'm the boy that LIVED, not died. What's the worst that could happen?

HERMIONE: And I don't know about that Quirrell character. You know, first he resurrects some horrible ancient tournament, then he bumps into you and your scar starts to hurt, and you have to admit there was something really funky about the back of his head.

HARRY: Come on, think about it, Professor Quirrell is a professor and who hires the professors?

HARRY & RON: DUMBLEDORE!

HARRY: Is the smartest, most awesomest practical wizard-

RON: Beautiful.

HARRY: Beautiful wizard, in the whole world. Why, why would he possibly hire somebody that's trying to hurt me?

HERMIONE: Well-, Look- I mean, what about Snape?

HARRY: Yeah, what about him?

HERMIONE: He's hated you for years! And he's hated your parents too, Harry. Everybody knows that. And he just so happens to pick your name out of the house cup out of hundreds, if not 5, possible Gryffindors?

HARRY: Yeah, what a coincidence! We lucked out!

HERMIONE: No, no, no Harry, I don't think it is a coincidence. When you defeated Voldemort you made a LOT of enemies. Ones you might not even know about.

HARRY: Alright, so let me get this straight. So you're saying that this tournament is just one big ploy to try and kill me.

HERMIONE: I mean, I don't know! Maybe! Anyway, I-, I-, I just think it's dangerous and I don't think you should do it.

HARRY: Alright, Hermione. If it means that much to you, I'll drop out.

HERMIONE: Oh thank you, Harry!

RON: Wait. Wait, WHAT? THE HOUSE CUP? What about all the eternal glory you'd win? Come on!

HARRY: Hey. *(beat)* Eternal glory? I've already got that. Besides, Neville will be a great champion.

RON: No, no, I do not want Schlongbottom to be my champion.

(Dumbledore enters, looking around.)

HERMIONE: Ok, look, all you have to do- oh look, there's Dumbledore. Why don't you just talk to him now and tell him that you're dropping out?

HARRY: Um, listen Hermione, Dumbledore and I are really really cool, we're super tight, and I don't want him to think that I'm being lazy or disrespectful, or anything so can you just, why don't you just tell him? Just tell him I want to work on school or something. Alright? *(patting her on the back)* Hey, you got this one.

HERMIONE: Yeah.

HARRY: You're the best.

HERMIONE: Alright.

HARRY: You got it.

HERMIONE: Okay.

HARRY: Don't worry 'bout it.

(Hermione, not at all confident, walks over to Dumbledore.)

HERMIONE: Dumbledore?

DUMBLEDORE: Yes, Granger?

HERMIONE: Uh, I need to talk to you for a moment, it's about the House Cup tournament. Um, well first of all, I think it's an awful idea, but um, second of all, I don't think that Harry Potter should compete.

DUMBLEDORE: Granger, why do you always gotta be such a big old stick in the mud, uh? Pray, tell me why Harry Potter should not compete.

HERMIONE: Uh, because he... wants to study. *(beat)*

DUMBLEDORE: Granger, nobody studies at Hogwarts except for you.

HERMIONE: Uh. Okay. Well, he wants to focus on the O.W.L.S.

DUMBLEDORE: Why couldn't Harry have told me this himself? He thinks *I'm* cool. *We're* tight.

HERMIONE: Oh, Professor- I'm a really bad liar. Okay. I think it's a ruse. A set-up. and I even think Snape might be trying to kill Harry!

DUMBLEDORE: *(shocked)* Severus Snape is one of the kindest, bravest, gentlest, sexiest men I have ever met. Severus Snape is trying to kill Harry Potter just about as much as he's trying to kill me! Huh!?

(Snape enters, carrying something under his cape.)

SNAPE: Why, Professor Dumbledore.

DUMBLEDORE: Oh! Snape!

SNAPE: I just happened to be in the kitchen and I made you this delicious sandwich.

(Snape reveals from under his cape, a sandwich with a pack of dynamite and a connected clock in the middle.)

DUMBLEDORE: Why thank you, Severus! Do you see, Granger? How thoughtful!

SNAPE: Here you are, Professor. Bomb appetit. I mean- Bon appetit!

(Snape hands the sandwich-bomb combination to Dumbledore and presses multiple buttons on the front of the bomb with a series of beeps. A five-second timer appears on the front. Snape runs off giggling, as the sandwich ticks. It slowly ticks faster and faster.)

HERMIONE: Um, is that sandwich ticking?

DUMBLEDORE: It looks like it's LICKING. FINGER licking good!

HERMIONE: Professor, I don't think you should eat that sandwich!

DUMBLEDORE: Why, Granger? You gotta listen to Snape more often, you might even get a sandwich out of it! *(Hermione wrestles the sandwich-bomb away from him)* Granger, what the hell?? *(She runs it off-stage)* Granger, what are you doing!?

(In the not-so-far-away distance, we hear a loud boom as the sandwich-bomb explodes and Hermione runs back in.)

DUMBLEDORE: *(calmly, not)* YOU DOG-GONE EXPLODED MY SANDWICH!

HERMIONE: I'm sorry, sir! *(beat)*

DUMBLEDORE: Hey, even if I did believe that Harry Potter was in danger, he has to compete. Do you see that cup?

HERMIONE: Yes.

DUMBLEDORE: It's enchanted. Whoever's name comes out of the cup has to compete or else the results would be... *(beat)* bad.

HERMIONE: What do you mean bad?

DUMBLEDORE: Well, try to imagine your entire life stopping instantaneously and every molecule in your body exploding at the speed of light.

HERMIONE: *(with a lightbulb)* Total protonic reversal!

DUMBLEDORE: Yeah. So you see, he has to compete, and, Hermione, if it makes you feel any better the last guy that died in the tournament was a Hufflepuff, so, I'll keep my eyes open and nothing's gonna get past ol' Dumbledore. *(beat)* All right. Now I gotta go make myself another sandwich, although I don't know how it's gonna be as good as the last one. The last one ticked!

(Dumbledore walks away and exits, leaving Hermione in shock.)

HERMIONE: Because it was a bomb... *(walking back to Harry & Ron)* Harry, I'm so sorry but I think you're gonna have to compete in the House Cup tournament. But don't worry, I won't rest until I find out what the first task is going to be.

RON: And I'll sabotage all the other champions so you win by default.

HARRY: Alright, awesome!

(Draco enters being carried by Crabbe & Goyle. They drop him to the floor and he starts rolling over to The Trio™.)

DRACO: Well. Isn't this touching?

HARRY: Oh my god, just butt out, Malfoy.

DRACO: Goyle and I have a bet, you know. He says you won't last five minutes in this tournament. I disagree, I say you won't last five minutes... *(beat)* at Pigfarts.

HARRY: What - alright Malfoy, what is Pigfarts?

DRACO: *(continuing to roll around the stage)* Oh! Never heard of it?? Ha. Figures. Famous Potter doesn't even know about Pigfarts.

HARRY: Malfoy, don't act like you don't wanna talk about it. That's like the ninth time you've mentioned Pigfarts. What is Pigfarts?

DRACO: Pigfarts is only the greatest wizarding school in the galaxy. It's where I'm being transferred next year.

HERMIONE: Malfoy, I've never heard of that.

DRACO: That's because Pigfarts *(beat)* is on Mars.

HARRY: Malfoy you know, we're trying to have a conversation here, so if you could just leave us alone..

DRACO: Oh, no, I'm not even here.

(The Trio™ continue their conversation semi-quietly while Draco, Crabbe & Goyle eavesdrop.)

HARRY: So anyways, I think we can find out about the first task from Dumbledore-

RON: No Dumbledore-

DRACO: Dumbledore?! Pff. What an old coot! He's nothing like Rumbleroar.

GOYLE: RUMBLEROAR!

HARRY: *(beat)* Anyways, as I was saying-

DRACO: Rumbleroar is the headmaster at Pigfarts. He's a lion. Who can talk.

HARRY: Malfoy, If you don't mind, we're trying to have a conversation here. It's not like - you're not even eating! Get out of here!

DRACO: Well, I can't help it if we can hear everything you say. We're the only ones in here.

HARRY: Well, ugh, come on Malfoy just get out of here. Please?

DRACO: Where are we supposed to go?

HARRY: Uh, I dunno. Uh, Pigfarts.

DRACO: *(sarcastically)* Haha oh ho, now you're just being cute. I can't GO to Pigfarts. It's ON MARS. *(circling around The Trio™)* You need a rocket ship. Do you have a rocket ship, Potter? Yes you do! *(starts to roll over The Trio™ from behind the bench onto the floor.)* You know, not all of us inherited enough money to buy out NASA when our parents died. *(lands on the floor and rolls around even more)* Look at this! Look at this. It's Rocket-ship Potter! Oh-oh- STARKID Potter! MOONSHOES Potter! Traversing the galaxy for intergalactic travels to Pigfarts.

(Draco finally gets up and walks back over Crabbe & Goyle, who are laughing and enjoying Draco's rant. Harry gets fed up and starts towards)

HARRY: That's it, this is the most misguided way to try and make me feel jealous. I don't care if you make fun of me, but if you're gonna bring my parents into this it's a whole other story.

DRACO: Woah! Not so fast! Crabbe! Goyle!

(Draco gets back down to the ground and this time clings upside down to the bottom of the Slytherin bench as Crabbe & Goyle take out their wands and go for The Trio™.)

HARRY: Oh sure just hide behind-

GOYLE: *(charging Harry)* BACK OFF, NERDS!!!!

DRACO: *(still clinging upside down to the bench)* Not so tough NOW, are you, Potter? Maybe you should hang out with someone better than that lollygagging ginger and his stupid mudblood girlfriend.

(This has pushed Hermione over the edge and she gets up, heading straight towards him.)

HERMIONE: Oh that is it, Malfoy! *(Crabbe & Goyle make a move but she quickly pulls out her wand and casts:)* Jelly-legs Jinx!

CRABBE: Oh, come on!

(Crabbe & Goyle both lose control of their legs and instantly topple on to the ground, leaving Draco defenseless.)

GOYLE: Hey! No fair! Our legs are jelly!

(Hermione pulls Draco's head out from under the bench by his shirt collar and points her wand straight in his face.)

HERMIONE: Take it back, Malfoy!

DRACO: Take what back?

HERMIONE: Take back what you said about your stupid, made-up space school!

RON: *(half-heartedly)* Yeah, and all that stuff about Hermione being my girlfriend. That's not even a little bit true.

HERMIONE: And say you're sorry for calling me a you-know-what.

DRACO: *(genuine)* I'm sorry!

HERMIONE: And you promise you'll never do it again?

DRACO: I promise!

HERMIONE: Alright! *(She drops him to the floor and towers over him.)* Now next time we tell you to leave us alone, you better do it. *(She walks back to Harry & Ron)* Come on Harry, Ron, let's get out of here. Besides... you already ate all my lunch.

HARRY: *(seriously grateful)* Wow... Thanks, Hermione.

HERMIONE: *(to Crabbe & Goyle)* Unjellify!

RON: *(while packing up and leaving)* Wow, that was like, the most bad-ass thing I've ever seen! Too bad no one was here to see it though. It was like an outburst of pent-up aggression. Like aaargghermione!

(The Trio™ exits, leaving the three Slytherins a mess across the great hall floor. Crabbe & Goyle get up, while Draco sits.)

GOYLE: Wow... That *sucked* royal Hippogriff.

CRABBE: We got beat by a girl.

GOYLE: Who is a nerd!

DRACO: I didn't mean what I said, you know. Pigfarts is real. *(touching the bottom of his nose)* Am I... *(repeatedly checking with his fingers)* Am I bleeding? Goyle?

(Goyle races over, gets down, and sniffs at Draco's nose.)

GOYLE: NO.

DRACO: I thought maybe- *(still checking)* Maybe it was a little bit- *(checks for the last time before giving up)* Wow... I've never been pushed down like that by a girl. Maybe I shouldn't call her a mud-
(beat) Whatever.

(Draco gets up and leaves with Crabbe & Goyle in tow.)

CRABBE: I can't believe I couldn't figure out the counter-curse was just "Unjellify."

DRACO: Right. I'm not surprised. Come on, let's go watch Wizards of Waver-ley Place.

SCENE 1.4

(Professor Quirrell's bedroom at Hogwarts. We see a large bed, a dresser, and a chair by the bed with a robe on it. On lights up, Quirrell, and the Mysterious Figure, should already be in the room. Quirrell starts to monologue, either to the audience or to himself in the mirror... maybe both.)

QUIRRELL: Fools! They're all fools. They think they're safe... They think they're back for another fun year of learning shenanigans at Hogwarts! Little do they know the danger that's lurking right under their noses, or should I say... on the back of their heads...

(Quirrell turns around and slowly takes off his turban, revealing that the mysterious figure on his back was no other than LORD VOLDEMORT, the Dark Lord, all along.)

VOLDEMORT: ARRRGHHH- *(his evil scream turns into a coughing fit which ends with a gasp of air.)* Ugh, I can't breathe in that damn turban!

QUIRRELL: I'm sorry, my lord, it's a necessary precaution. For if they knew that you lived- that when Harry Potter destroyed you your soul lived on...

VOLDEMORT: Yes, that when my body was destroyed, I was forced to live in the Forbidden Forest, eating bugs and mushrooms and- yuck- unicorn blood.

QUIRRELL: Until I found you and let you attach yourself to my soul.

VOLDEMORT: Yes. Nobody must know any of that. Now... Quirrell! Get me some water!

(Quirrell bends over to grab the bottle of water on the dresser. The actor for Voldemort bends backwards to match. This whole scene is with similar two-men-in-one-shirt hijinks.)

VOLDEMORT: Now Quirrell! Pour it in my mouth!

QUIRRELL: *(reaching awkwardly to pour the water into Voldemort's mouth.)* Your plan to infiltrate Hogwarts on the back of my head, *(he's now almost waterboarding Voldemort)* is going swimmingly, my liege.

VOLDEMORT: Yes yes yes, I'm done with the water. We must not have any more foul ups like tonight in the Great Hall.

QUIRRELL: I'm sorry my lord, *you* sneezed.

VOLDEMORT: I know that! Get me some Nasonex, you swine!

(Quirrell grabs a thing of Nasonex and squirts it in Voldemort's nose once, before doing his own too.)

VOLDEMORT: And wash that turban! It tickles my nose.

QUIRRELL: Yes, my Dark King.

VOLDEMORT: Ok, just... *(he switches to a soft and calm side one wouldn't expect from a person called Dark Lord)* relax with the 'Dark King', okay? I... I watch you wipe your butt daily. You can call me Voldemort, we're there... We've reached that point.

QUIRRELL: Yes, yes my - Voldemort.

VOLDEMORT: Now Quirrell? Get us ready for bed. We must be well rested if we wish to kill Potter.

(Quirrell starts to get ready for bed. First he puts the turban on the chair by the bed then drinks some mouthwash.)

VOLDEMORT: Mmm...tonight, in the Great Hall, he was so close I could have touched him. Revenge is at my fingertips, Quirrell. I can taste it. It tastes like... Cool mint.

QUIRRELL: That's our Listerine, Voldemort.

VOLDEMORT: Yes. Excellent. Well.... Goodnight, Quirrell.

QUIRRELL: Goodnight.

(Quirrell heads for the bed and starts to lay down, back first, squishing Voldemort. After a moment, Voldemort lifts his head to speak to Quirrell.)

VOLDEMORT: Okay, okay I can't do this. You gotta roll over. I can't sleep on my tummy.

QUIRRELL: I always sleep on my back. I have back troubles. It's the only way I'm comfortable.

VOLDEMORT: You roll over right now or I'll... *(beat)* I'll EAT YOUR PILLOW. You'll be having a dream that you're eating a giant marshmallow, but really you'll wake up and your favorite goose-feather pillow will be missing!

QUIRRELL: Fine, we'll compromise. We'll sleep on our side.

(They shift so they both are on their shoulder, with Voldemort facing the chair and Quirrell facing towards the door.)

VOLDEMORT: Ok. I guess I can do this.

QUIRRELL: Well, goodnight.

VOLDEMORT: Goodnight, Quirrell.

*(Quirrell closes his eyes and starts to blissfully sleep while
Voldemort lays there staring at the robe and turban on the chair.)*

VOLDEMORT: Hey, Quirrell. How long have those robes been on that chair?

QUIRRELL: *(sleepily)* I...I think they're from last night. I just put them there for now.

VOLDEMORT: Well, are you planning on putting them in a hamper? What's your plan for these?

QUIRRELL: I figured I'd just leave them there for now and maybe put them away in the morning, ok?

VOLDEMORT: *(a long beat)* Uh, no. No that's not ok. I can't go to sleep knowing that there are dirty clothes on that chair. That chair is going to start to smell like dirty clothes!

QUIRRELL: Look, I promise I'll put them away in the morning!

VOLDEMORT: You put them away right now! I command you to get up and fold them, at least! Make it into a neat pile!

QUIRRELL: Look, *(they sit up)* if we're going to be in this situation for a while we're going to have to learn to live with each other. Now I've been single for all of my life and I have some habits and sometimes I leave laundry around.

VOLDEMORT: Well, I believe that everything has its place. Muggles have their place... Mudbloods have their place... And so. Do. Your. Clothes. Namely- (*standing up*) A DRESSER!

QUIRRELL: WELL. Aren't *we* an odd couple?

DIFFERENT AS CAN BE

QUIRRELL:

YOU WON'T SLEEP ON YOUR TUMMY

VOLDEMORT:

YOU WON'T SLEEP ON YOUR BACK

BOTH:

WE'RE QUITE A KOOKY COUPLE, YOU'LL AGREE

QUIRRELL:

WE SHARE SOME HANDS AND FINGERS

VOLDEMORT:

AND YET, THE FEELING LINGERS,

BOTH:

WE'RE JUST ABOUT AS DIFFERENT
AS ANYONE CAN BE....

VOLDEMORT:

YOU LIKE PLOTTING A GARDEN
AND I LIKE PLOTTING TO KILL

QUIRRELL:

YOU THINK THAT YOU SHOULD RULE THE WORLD,
I THINK BOOKS ARE A THRILL!
SIPPING TEA BY THE FIRE IS SWELL

VOLDEMORT:

PUSHING PEOPLE IN IS FUN AS WELL!
I LIKE FOLDING ALL OF MY TIES

QUIRRELL:

AND YOU HAVE NO FRIENDS -
HEY, THAT'S A SURPRISE.

BOTH:

I GUESS IT'S PLAIN TO SEE
WHEN YOU LOOK AT YOU AND ME
WE'RE DIFFERENT
DIFFERENT AS CAN BE

*(Quirrell starts to fold the robes from the chair and put them
away in the dresser.)*

VOLDEMORT:

YOU'RE A SISSY
A TWAT
A GIRL!
I'M THE DARKEST OF LORDS

QUIRRELL:

I'M THE BRIGHTEST PROFESSOR HERE
I'VE WON SEVERAL AWARDS!

VOLDEMORT:

MY NEW WORLD'S ABOUT TO UNFOLD

QUIRRELL:

YOU GOT BEAT BY A TWO YEAR OLD

VOLDEMORT:

I'LL KILL HIM THIS TIME, THROUGH AND THROUGH

QUIRRELL:

OR YOU MIGHT JUST GIVE HIM ANOTHER TATTOO

BOTH:

YOU REALLY MUST AGREE
WHEN YOU LOOK AT YOU AND ME
WE'RE DIFFERENT
DIFFERENT AS CAN-

VOLDEMORT:

I'LL RISE AGAIN
AND I'LL RULE THE WORLD
BUT YOU MUST HELP ME RENEW
FOR WHEN OUR PLAN SUCCEEDS -

QUIRRELL:

PREVAILS!

VOLDEMORT:

PART OF THAT WORLD GOES TO YOU

QUIRRELL:

WHEN I RULE THE WORLD
I'LL PLANT FLOWERS

VOLDEMORT:

QUIRRELL:

WHEN I RULE THE WORLD
I'LL HAVE- SNAKES
AND GOBLINS AND THESTRALS
A FLEET OF DEMENTORS
AND GIANTS
AND WEREWOLVES
AND ALL MY DEATH EATERS

AND JANE
AUSTIN
NOVELS!

BOTH:

WHEN I RULE THE WORLD!

(They both cackle in evil laughter as Quirrell grabs the turban.)



SCENE 1.5

(The Gryffindor common room after curfew. Harry sits strumming his guitar, writing a song, while Hermione writes an essay next to him and Neville reads a book across the room. Eventually Hermione gets fed up by Harry playing.)

HERMIONE: Harry, don't you think you should try and figure out what the first task is gonna be? You could actually die if you're not ready.

HARRY: *(stops strumming)* Whaaat? Come on... I mean... can't you just do it for me? Can't you just prepare all of my stuff for me? And what are you doing right now?

HERMIONE: I'm writing your potions essay.

HARRY: Oh well, do that first cause that's due tomorrow! But after that, after that can you prepare for the first task for me? Please?

HERMIONE: *(beat)* Yeah...

HARRY: Thank you. You are the best! You got it! Thanks Hermione!

(Harry goes back to strumming as Hermione continues the essay. Ginny enters and walks by Harry and he stops her.)

HARRY: Hey Ginny, come here! I wanna show you something, come here.

GINNY: Hey, Harry Potter.

HARRY: Listen, I wanna play this song I'm working on. I met this girl that I really, really like, and I wanna let her know that she is really special. *(Ginny lights up, thinking he means her)* So, well I just wanna know what you think.

HARRY: (*continued*) Just for the purposes of now, cause I'm still working out the lyrics, I'll put your name where her name should be. But I don't really think it's gonna work out, because... Well, let me just give it a shot.

GINNY'S SONG

HARRY:

YOU'RE TALL AND FUN AND PRETTY,
YOU'RE REALLY REALLY SKINNY,
GINNY.
I'M THE MICKEY TO YOUR MINNIE,
YOU'RE THE TIGGER TO MY WINNIE,
GINNY.
I WANNA TAKE YOU TO THE CITY
GONNA TAKE YOU OUT TO DINNEY
GINNY.
YOU'RE CUTER THAN A GUINEA PIG
WANNA TAKE YOU UP TO WINNIPEG
THAT'S IN CANADA!
GINNY, GINNY, GINNY-



HARRY: You know what? This doesn't work with your name at all. It doesn't work. But I don't know... How does it make you feel? Emotionally?

GINNY: Wow ... Wowie, Harry Potter.

HARRY: Don't you think it could, I don't know, make a girl fall in love?

GINNY: Oh, I think it already has...

HARRY: Awesome! *(completely oblivious)* Cause it's for Cho Chang!

GINNY: *(crushed)* Oh yeah... She's... she's beautiful.

HARRY: What are you, nuts? Beautiful? More like Supermegafoxy-awesomehot! She's the hottest girl I've ever met. She's far more attractive, far more appealing, far more interesting than any girl that I know. In my immediate group of friends. She's just far more awesome.

(Ron opens the door to a Seinfeld sting, and jumps over Neville on his bench holding Red Vines.)

RON: *(smacking the backside of his head)* Sup, Neville? *(He forces Ginny to move so he can sit next to Harry, pushing Hermione onto the floor.)* Move, move, move, move, move, move- Awesome. Hey Harry, what's up? So I was just offstage hanging out with Hagrid and I saw these delivery wizards bringing giant cages into the dungeon. I don't know what that's for, but-

HERMIONE: Giant cages? I bet whatever is in those has something to do with the first task! Harry, we have to find out what it is!

HARRY: Hey. Hey, guys, chill. I'm busy.

(He goes back to strumming again, Hermione walks over and grabs the guitar from him.)

RON & GINNY: *(ad-libbing till Hermione stops them)* No! No! Woah! No!

HERMIONE: Guys... Listen. This could be a matter of life and death!

RON: Well it doesn't *matter* because it's after hours, okay? We can't leave the Gryffindor House, we'll probably get in trouble if we do, and even if we do Schlongbottom over there (*gesturing to Neville*) will probably tell on us!

HERMIONE: Neville won't tell.

NEVILLIE: Oh yes, I certainly will!

RON: So what are we gonna do?

HERMIONE: Simple, guys! The cloak!

RON: Of course!

(The Trio™ all stand up in unison and look out towards the audience, Ginny shortly behind.)

THE TRIO™: The cloak!

GINNY: Wait, what cloak?

RON: Shut up! (*He does the Weasley hand-clap to Ginny, she screams*)

HARRY: In my first year in Hogwarts, I got a present - I got a present last year- Oh, bye Neville. (*Neville waves goodbye and exits*) I got a present last year in my first year at Hogwarts. And, uh, well, it was left to me by my dad. The dad that's dead. My father is dead. My dead father. He used to solve mysteries and stuff with my invisibility cloak.

GINNY: Wow! Oh, boy wowie Harry Potter! A real invisibility cloak! Oh! Oh! Oh! Oh! Do you know what I would do if I had an invisibility cloak?

HARRY: Oh man, I - I would kick, uh I'd kick wiener dogs.

RON: And I would pretend to be a ghost and I would scare mean people.

HERMIONE: I'd use it to avoid ever having to face my reflection in the mirror. *(beat)*

HARRY: That's a bummer.

RON: Jesus. God, what is wrong with you?

GINNY: Well, actually, I was gonna say that I would use it to fake my own death and watch people cry at the funeral!

HARRY: Okay anyway, let's get out of here before Neville gets out of the bathroom. All right? Let's get out of here.

(Harry and Ron lead the way out with Ginny & Hermione in tow.)

RON: *(Stopping Ginny)* Whoa, whoa, whoa, whoa, whoa, whoa, whoa, where do you think you're going?

GINNY: Um, with you guys?

HARRY

RON: No no, no way, no kid sisters allowed. Okay? *(he does the Weasley hand-clap again in her ear)* Besides, there's only enough room under this cloak for two people. So uh... *(Hermione starts to turn around, back towards the essay)*. Come on, Hermione, come on.

(Hermione hands Ginny the guitar excitedly and The Trio™ all take off in the invisibility cloak. Ginny is alone yet again.)

GINNY:

THE WAY HIS HAIR FALLS IN HIS EYES
MAKES ME WONDER IF HE'LL
EVER SEE THROUGH MY DISGUISE
AND I'M UNDER HIS SPELL,
EVERYTHING IS FALLING,
AND I DON'T KNOW WHERE TO LAND,
EVERYONE KNOWS WHO HE IS,
BUT THEY DON'T KNOW WHO I AM

(Ginny starts to dance with the guitar, as if it was Harry himself.)

HARRY!
HARRY!
WHY CAN'T YOU SEE...
WHAT YOU'RE DOING TO ME?

I'VE SEEN YOU CONQUER CERTAIN DEATH,
EVEN WHEN YOU'RE JUST STANDING THERE
YOU'LL TAKE AWAY MY BREATH!
AND MAYBE
SOME DAY YOU'LL HEAR MY SONG AND UNDERSTAND
THAT ALL ALONG
THERE'S SOMETHING MORE
THAT I'M TRYING TO SAY!

WHEN I SAY
HARRY!
HARRY!
WHY CAN'T YOU SEE...

WHAT YOU'RE DOING TO ME?

WHAT YOU'RE DOING
TO ME?



SCENE 1.6

*(A corridor in between Gryffendor house and the dungeons.
Quirrell enters in an excited glee with his turban on.)*

QUIRRELL: Master! Master! The shipments for the first task of the tournament have just arrived!

VOLDEMORT: *(muffled under the turban)* Yes, I know, Quirrell. I hear everything that you hear.

(Quirrell removes his turban for Voldemort to speak.)

QUIRRELL: Isn't it wonderful, master? We made sure Harry Potter's name was drawn from the cup and soon he will be ours.

VOLDEMORT: Yeeeeeeesssss. It's really happening, isn't it, Quirrell? You know, with the plan going so well, I feel like maybe we should celebrate. What do you say, Quirrell? How's about we go out? I hear it's karaoke night down at the Hog's Head.

QUIRRELL: Uh, I don't know... I have all these papers to grade, and I've been giving so much attention to this revenge plan that I'm really behind.

VOLDEMORT: Ah, come on, Quirrell! You've been working so hard *all year!* You deserve a night off!

QUIRRELL: But the papers...

VOLDEMORT: Oh, just give them all B minuses and be done with it.

QUIRRELL: *(beat)* Now that's evil.

VOLDEMORT: Yeah, thanks, I am the Dark Lord. Come on, just a few drinks! Hey, we'll try to pick up some chicks!

QUIRRELL: I wouldn't know what to say. I'm no good at that.

VOLDEMORT: Come on, it'll be fun. You just move your lips and I'll do the talking.

QUIRRELL: Uhhhh....

VOLDEMORT: Quirrell! Man! *Listen!* I may just be a parasite on the back of your head that's literally devouring your soul any time you take a breath, but I can see that you're too good a guy not to have a bit of fun once in a while. *(beat)* You deserve this.

QUIRRELL: Well if you put it that way then, yeah, let's just go wild tonight!

VOLDEMORT: That's the spirit, squirrel! Put on a fresh pair of wizard shorts and grab your tunic. Quirrell, we are gonna get you laid. *(they start to exit.)* Seriously, man, back when I had a body, ooh, I had mad game with the bitches. Just ask Bellatrix Lestrange.

(Quirrell and Voldemort exit as The Trio™ are shuffling in a different part of the hallway underneath their invisibility cloak.)

RON: This cloak isn't as big as it used to be.

HERMIONE: *(as Draco, Crabbe & Goyle enter)* Shh, someone's coming!

DRACO: Did you just hear something?

GOYLE: No. Only quiet. Maybe... one... raindrop.

DRACO: No matter. Tell me, Goyle, who do you think is the ugliest girl in school?

GOYLE: Uh... Oh, Buckbeak. For sure.

DRACO: Crabbe?

CRABBE: Uh, Winky the house elf.

DRACO: Good one. *Obscure*. You know who I think is the ugliest girl in school? That Hermione Granger. You know what I'd give her, on a scale of one to ten? With one- One would be the ugliest and then ten the most pretty. I would give her... *(beat)* An eight. *(beat, Crabbe & Goyle look puzzled)* An eight point five. Or a nine. Not- not over a nine point eight. Because there is always room for improvement. Not everyone's perfect, like me. That's why I am holding out for a ten. Because I'm worth it. Come on! Let's go.

(Draco, Crabbe & Goyle all exit, seeming like they're going to run into The Trio™ but making quick diversions to miss them.)

RON: Wow, what a bunch of jerks.

HERMIONE: Alright, forget them. Now, where did you say you saw those crates being delivered?

RON: Well, I think they were being delivered to the auditorium, so they should be at the end of this hallway and to the left.

(They walk awkwardly down the hallway and stumble upon the dungeon. Ron spots a goat locked in a cage.)

RON: Look!

HERMIONE: A goat?

HARRY: A goat? Oh my God, I have to fight a goat? I don't know if I could do that morally.

(They all freeze as Snape and Dumbledore walk into the room.)

SNAPE: And the goats have all been sent for feeding time, Headmaster.

DUMBLEDORE: Oh, feeding time? Dragons don't want to be fed. They want to hunt!

HARRY: Did he just say dragons?

SNAPE: *(immediately)* Did you just say "did he just say dragons?"

DUMBLEDORE: I must have because anybody else hiding in this room would have known to have shut up, *(looking at the invisibility cloak)* Potter. *(beat)*

SNAPE: Headmaster, do you really think it's wise to have children fight dragons?

DUMBLEDORE: No, Snape, I don't think it's wise to do anything anymore. Like, here I am alive and well today and I could very well be killed by you, tomorrow.

SNAPE: Why, that's absurd.

DUMBLEDORE: First... Let's go to bed. Have you ever seen my room? I've got some pretty kickin' posters on my wall.

(They head to exit, b-lining straight into The Trio™, but right before they collide, Dumbledore and Snape both raise their arms to yawn and miss them.)

SNAPE: *(yawning and exiting)* Well, I am rather tired.

(Harry rips off the invisibility cloak and hands it to Ron, who goes and puts it on a magical walking chair.)

HARRY: Aw man, I have to fight a dragon? This is bogus! Well... How can I fight a dragon, I'm just a little kid!

RON: Alright, well, well maybe it won't be that bad, Harry. Maybe, maybe you'll just have to fight like Mushu from Mulan or... I dunno, maybe... I dunno, maybe like Puff the Magic Dragon or something...

HERMIONE: Ron, this is serious, okay? Harry could die! Now look, there's still time, alright? We just need to figure out a plan.

HARRY: Okay, well we should probably do that back in the common room. Where's- wait- where's the Invisibility Cloak?

RON: Well I threw it over on that magical walking chair over the- Oh crap.

HARRY: Oh that's... that's gonna be an issue.

RON: Yeah.

(Blackout.)

SCENE 1.7

(Quirrell's bedroom. Quirrell and Voldemort stumble in, Voldemort clearly more drunk from the night out than Quirrell. They are struggling to walk properly.)

QURRIELL: I thought walking home drunk was hard before... We should've realized that with- with both of us drinking into one belly we'd get twice as drunk.

VOLDEMORT: Hey Quirrell... Hey Quirrell, Quirrell, Quirrell, Quirrell, Quirrell, Quirrell, Quirrell, Quirrell you remember that girl you were talking to?

QUIRREL: Yeah-

VOLDEMORT: You remember that girl you were talking to? Well I was talking to her sister on my side!

QUIRRELL: Oh so that's why she freaked out when we stood up!

VOLDEMORT: Because they didn't know that we were / one person!

QUIRRELL: *(overlapping)* the same person!

(They both laugh in pure joy for a moment.)

QUIRRELL: *(stumbling over his words)* You know I haven't had- I haven't had this much fun since Nearly Headless Nick's Death Day party of '91.

VOLDEMORT: I haven't had this much fun since, ah... Yeah well, shit, I can't remember ever having this much fun.

QUIRRELL: You never had fun... ever? Doing- doing anything? Maybe that's why you're so evil.

VOLDEMORT: Yeah *maybe*. Definitely to do with the fact that Muggles and Mudbloods make me sick to my stomach, but uh... Yeah I guess you could be right. I guess, I mean that's kind of funny.

QUIRRELL: What is it, Voldemort?

VOLDEMORT: Oh it's just that I never- I never ever really ever ever- never really ever ever really considered another reason for me being so evil, you know? 'Cause normally I just, uh, I just kill people that try to get me to open up, you know? *Oops*... But uh, it's- it's kind of nice to just, um... Kind of nice to just talk.

QUIRRELL: You know, I have to admit I was kind of nervous when you first demanded that you attached yourself to my soul.

VOLDEMORT: Yeah I could- I could sense that.

QUIRRELL: But like, now I think it's- It's kind of cool, it's like having a really close roommate or or even-

VOLDEMORT: Yeah, like a slave. Like a, like a Death Eater!

QUIRRELL: No man, it's like... having a friend.

DIFFERENT AS CAN BE (REPRISE)

VOLDEMORT: I've never had a friend before.

QUIRRELL: Well, it looks like you've got one now.

VOLDEMORT: Who would've thought that at the beginning of this year we'd feel like that for each other? I guess everything is different between us now, huh?

QUIRREL:

I GUESS IT'S PLAIN TO SEE
WHEN YOU LOOK AT YOU AND ME
WE'RE... DIFFERENT
DIFFERENT
AS CAN BE

BOTH:

WE SIMPLY GUARANTEE,
WHEN YOU LOOK AT YOU AND ME
WE'RE DIFFERENT, DIFFERENT
AS CAN BE

QUIRRELL:

IT'S A COMEDY OF SORTS
WHEN YOU'RE BOUND TO VOLDEMORT

VOLDEMORT: *(overly rolling his Rs)*

AND I'M HAPPY AS A SQUIRREL
LONG AS I'M WITH MR. QUIRRELL

BOTH:

WE'LL LEAD THEM TO THE SLAUGHTER
AND WE'LL MURDER HARRY POTTER
WE'RE DIFFERENT
DIFFERENT
DIFFERENT
DIFFERENT AS CAN BE!



SCENE 1.8

(The grounds of Hogwarts are set up for the first task of the House Cup Tournament. Inside the Champion's Tent we see Snape, standing alone. He uses his wand like a microphone, as he's announcing over the school's public address system, saying:)

SNAPE: The Hogwarts champions shall now enter the champion's tent in preparation for the first task.

(He makes a dramatic exit with his cape, as Harry enters the tent holding a lunch bag filled with Gushers, Teddy Graham-Bears, and a pack of Bugles. Hermione follows nervously behind.)

HARRY: Oh man, I can't believe I have to skip lunch period for this stupid task.

HERMIONE: Okay Harry, today's the day, the day you fight the dragon. Now, did you read those notes I wrote for you on dragons?

HARRY: No

HERMIONE: What! Why not?

HARRY: You kidding me? They were so boring

HERMIONE: *(frantic)* So y-you didn't read them. You didn't prepare at all? You're not prepared at all?

HARRY: Well no, at least I have my wand *(he grabs for his wand)*
Um... *(he can't find it any of his clothing)* Brought my-

HERMIONE: *(pulling out his wand from her pocket)* Harry.

HARRY: You're the best.

HERMIONE: *(tearing up)* Harry just, please don't die today. I don't want to see my best friend getting eaten by a dragon.

HARRY: Relax okay? Save the tears for my funeral.

(Draco, holding a lunch bag, and Cedric enter talking).

CEDRIC: So tell me more about this Pigfarts. I *find* it to be very interesting.

DRACO: Well, while you're there you have to wear your spacesuit at all times because there's no atmosphere on Mars, so if a single docking bay door opens you'll probably die.

CEDRIC: My, how dreadful.

DRACO: Well, but the good news is if you're a good enough student, Rumbleroar lets you ride around on his back!

CEDRIC: And he's the headmaster lion?

DRACO: Who can talk.

CEDRIC: *(genuine)* Cool... *(he notices Harry & Hermione)* Well hello Harry. How are you feeling today?

HARRY: Hey Cedric. Trying to- Stay positive.

CEDRIC: Well good. I'm having a fine time at the championships. Miss Granger?

HERMIONE: Hello.

CHO CHANG: *(off-stage)* Sugar pie!

CEDRIC: My darling!

(Cho Chang runs in and plants a huge smoosh on Cedric.)

CEDRIC: Was that a kiss for good luck?

CHO CHANG: No, that was for being so cotton-pickin' cute! This one's for good luck.

(She plants another kiss on his cheek as Harry pulls Hermione away towards the tent entrance.)

HARRY: I hate that guy!

HERMIONE: It's okay Harry, you're going to be great today.

(Dumbledore enters the tent with a bag full of Dragon cardboard cutouts and screams as he sees Hermione:)

DUMBLEDORE: Oh God! Granger, I thought you were a boggart. I'm terrified of them... And what the hell are you doing in the champions' tent? Get out of here. Ten more points!

HARRY: Thanks Hermione.

(Hermione sighs but leaves in defeat.)

DUMBLEDORE: Are you kids ready to fight a dragon? *(half to himself)* Of course you aren't, you're just children. What the hell am I thinking? *(back to the kids)* Now outside of this tent are thousands upon thousands of screaming fans. They're either going to be cheering for you, or the dragon, but either way they're going to be making some kind of noise.

DUMBLEDORE: *(continued)* So, in order for this election process to be fair I am going to randomly select a cardboard cutout size version of the dragon you will be defeating.

(After each name call, he pulls out a cardboard cutout of the dragon and gives it to the corresponding champion.)

DUMBLEDORE: For you Cedric... Puff the Magic Dragon. *(to Cho Chang)* Figment the Imaginary Dragon. *(to Draco)* The Reluctant Dragon. And for you Potter... The Hungarian Horntail, the most terrifying thing you'll ever see in your whole life! *(everyone starts to scream, but Dumbledore switches from terrified to his normal happy demeanor)* Now, no more complaints-

HARRY: W-wait hold on a second. Dumbledore, wait a second. This terrifying, *(gesturing to the other dragons)* those are the cutest things I've ever seen.

DUMBLEDORE: *(grabbing Figment)* This thing is horrifying... Just use your *imagination*. Disapparate!

(Dumbledore walks away exiting, no disapparating allowed on the grounds of Hogwarts, as Ron enters with a pack of Oreos. He walks through the tent and scans everyone's dragons.)

RON: Oh my God, this competition's gonna suck, all these dragon's are wimps. *(to the oreo)* Accio double stuff. *(to Draco's dragon)* Wow, look at that one- *(at the sight of the Hungarian Horntail)* Oh my God monster! Is that yours?

HARRY: Yeah!

RON: Oh my God it's awesome, let me hold it. Oh my God this thing is terrifying I hope the real thing is smaller. Ferocious. What're you gonna do?

HARRY: I don't know, I'm not cut out for this kind of thing. It's gonna kill me-

(Hermione runs into the tent to find Ron, unaware of Snape following her in.)

HERMIONE: Ron! You can't be in here, this is the champions' tent!

SNAPE: Miss Granger! What the *devil* are you doing in the champions' tent? Ten points from Gryffindor.

HARRY: Thanks Hermione.

RON: Ugh, thanks Hermione. *(to Harry)* Hey! Good luck buddy.
(waving to Snape) Bye Snape!

SNAPE: *(unbothered)* Bye.

(Ron and Hermione exit the tent, as Snape goes over to Cedric.)

SNAPE: Cedric Diggory, now is your chance to face your dragon.

CEDRIC: Alright fellas wish me luck.

CHO CHANG: I believe in you!

CEDRIC: That's all I needed to hear.

(Cedric and Snape leave, as Cho Chang waves him off to war. Harry moves closer to Draco.)

HARRY: Hey Malfoy, tell you what. I'll let you switch dragons with me- I'll give you *the chance* to switch dragons with me. I'll give you that opportunity- Tell you what, don't worry about it.

DRACO: Uh, Let me think about- No.

HARRY: I'll, uh, I'll give you my Gushers?

DRACO: (*looking in his lunch bag*) Oh, no, no. I have a Fruit by the Foot, I don't want to.

(*Snape re-enters and goes over to Cho Chang.*)

SNAPE: Cho Chang? Your dragon awaits.

CHO CHANG: Well... I can't *imagine* this would be very hard.

SNAPE: Then I... *imagine* it won't be.

(*They both laugh together and childishly run off as they exit.*)

HARRY: Malfoy, come on! Uh, tell you what I'll throw in my Teddy Grahams, with the Gushers. (*Draco peers over into Harry's lunch bag.*) You can make little Gusher-Teddy Graham sandwiches.

DRACO: Alright, you throw in that pack of Bugles and you've got yourself a deal.

HARRY: (*hesitates, then:*) Absolutely not.

(*Snape enters once more, and looks towards Draco.*)

SNAPE: Draco Malfoy, your turn.

(Draco leaves, this time Snape stays behind.)

HARRY: Professor Snape is there any way that I could, I dunno, forfeit or switch dragons...

(Snape pulls out a bottle of Hunt's Tomato Ketchup from underneath his cloak and starts to drench Harry in it.)

HARRY: Or maybe just take a day off- What- what're you, what're you. What're you doing? What is that?

SNAPE: I'm protecting you Potter, Welsh Greenbacks can't stand the taste of Hunt's tomato ketchup.

HARRY: But I'm not fighting a Welsh Greenback, I'm fighting a Hungarian Horntail.

SNAPE: *(beat)* Oho, well silly me. Hunt's tomato ketchup is what Hungarian Horntails love best of all, Good luck Potter.

HARRY: What? No!

(Snape pushes Harry out of the tent and into the battlefield.)

DUMBLEDORE: And now Harry Potter will battle the terrifying Hungarian Horntail, the most terrifying thing you'll ever see in your whole life. It should be noted that this particular dragon has not been fed in two weeks.

(Harry walks around, the creature nowhere to be found. The crowd cheers him on.)

HERMIONE: Come on, Harry.

NEVILLE: *(overlapping)* Go Harry!

HERMIONE: You can do it Harry!

RON: *(overlapping)* You got it, yeah! You got this.

HERMIONE: Just think positive. You can do it!

(The HUNGARIAN HORNTAIL creeps up behind Harry. Ron & Hermione scream trying to warn him.)

HERMIONE: *(ad-libbing)* Harry, oh no, Harry!

RON: *(ad-libbing)* Oh! Harry, behind you!

(The Hungarian Horntail closes its jaw around Harry, catching him off guard. They tussle for a moment before Harry breaks out of the dragon's hold. He freaks out and is looking all around.)

RON: Oh my god!

HARRY: *(lightbulb)* Accio guitar!

(Harry's guitar comes flying to him and he sings:)

HEY DRAGON

HARRY:

HEY DRAGON

YOU DON'T GOTTA DO THIS

LET'S REEVALUATE OUR OPTIONS

THROW AWAY OUR OLD ASSUMPTIONS
'CAUSE REALLY, YOU DON'T GOTTA GO THROUGH THIS

I'M REALLY NOT THAT SPECIAL
THE BOY WHO LIVED IS ONLY FLESH AND BONE
THE TRUTH IS IN THE END
I'M PRETTY USELESS WITHOUT FRIENDS
IN FACT I'M ALONE

(The Horntail's head droops down sadly before Harry continues:)

I SPEND MY TIME IN SCHOOL
TRYING TO BE THIS COOL GUY
I NEVER EVEN ASKED FOR
I DON'T KNOW ANY SPELLS
STILL MANAGE TO DO WELL
BUT THERE'S ONLY SO LONG THAT CAN LAST FOR

I'M LIVING OFF THE GLORY
OF A STUPID CHILDREN'S STORY THAT I
HAVE NOTHING TO DO WITH
I JUST SAT THERE AND GOT LUCKY
SO LEVEL WITH ME BUDDY
I CAN'T DEFEAT THEE
SO PLEASE DON'T EAT ME
AND ALL I CAN DO
IS SING A SONG FOR YOU
LA-LA-LA-LA-LA

HORNTAIL:

LA-LA-LA-LA-LA

HARRY:

LA-LA-LA-LA-LA

HORNTAIL:

LA-LA-LA-LA-LA

HARRY:

LA-LA-LA-LA-LA

BOTH:

LA-LA-LA-LA-LA

HARRY:

YOU NEVER ASKED TO BE A DRAGON!
I NEVER ASKED TO BE A CHAMPION!
WE BOTH JUST JUMPED ON THIS BANDWAGON
BUT ALL WE NEED IS GUITAR JAMMIN'
SO LA-LA-LA-LA-LA

HORNTAIL:

LA-LA-LA-LA-LA

HARRY:

LA-LA-LA-LA-LA

HORNTAIL: *(drifting off the sleep)*

LA-LA-La-La-la...

HARRY: Goodnight dragon.



(The Horntail lies its head down on the ground as Harry stands there. After a moment, he quietly puts the guitar onto his back, shushes the crowd's clapping, and then dives to lay on top of the Horntail's head.)

HARRY: One, two, three! I BEAT THE DRAGON!

(The crowd abruptly into applause and screaming as the Horntail is pulled off-stage. The Trio™ all celebrate while the crowd exits. Harry grabs his guitar, swings it on his back, and then exits with Ron & Hermione.)

SCENE 1.9

(The great hall cafeteria. Snape stands holding a Yule Ball wreath and reads from a sheet of paper into his wand, acting as a PA microphone.)

SNAPE: Attention all Hogwarts students! Tonight is our annual Yule Ball. So please remember to pick up your Yule Ball wreath and give it to that special someone...

(Ginny enters and Snape sees her, causing him to throw the wreath at her and scream:)

SNAPE: Ah! Ginger!

(As Snape runs off-stage, Ginny hypes herself up when she spots Harry entering the cafeteria. Harry starts to walk towards Cho's Posse with his guitar, but Ginny runs up with the wreath to stop him.)

GINNY: Oh, hey. Harry Potter?

HARRY: Oh, hi Ginny.

GINNY: Fancy seeing you here huh?

HARRY: Well, it's the cafeteria so, yeah.

GINNY: Um, so... um... The Yule Ball's coming up, huh?

HARRY: Yeah I know it is. Very, very soon, yeah.

GINNY: Um, well were you thinking of going with anybody?

HARRY: *(looking at Cho Chang)* I was. I was actually just waiting for the right time to ask somebody and I think- I think that time's about now so if- If you've got something to say just... get it out.

(After a moment of hesitation, Ginny presents the wreath to Harry with an exclamation of glee. He grabs it from her.)

HARRY: Oh, is this for me? Ah Ginny! How did you know I needed a wreath so I could ask Cho Chang? You're the best!

GINNY: *(starting to cry)* Harry Potter... just- you forget it!

HARRY: Alright I will! Cool.

(Ginny runs off with her hopes crushed, as Harry goes up to Cho.)

HARRY: Hey. Hey Cho Chang, listen, um I know the Yule Balls coming up and I was wondering if maybe you wanted to go with me? But just in case you're kind of on the fence about it, you should know that I play guitar *(he hands her the wreath and pulls out his guitar)* and that I conquered that dragon's heart with it, so I think I could conquer yours.

CHO'S SONG

YOU'RE TALL AND FUN AND PRETTY,
YOU'RE REALLY, REALLY SKINNY
CHO CHANG
YOU'RE THE MICKEY TO MY MINNIE,
I'M THE TIGGER TO YOUR WINNIE
CHO CHANG

(Cho Chang starts to blush and play with the wreath awkwardly.)

YOU'RE CUTER THAN A GUINEA PIG
I'LL TAKE YOU UP TO WINNIPEG
THAT'S IN CANADA!
OOH CHO CHANG.
CH-CH-CH-CH CHA CHADDA CHADDA
CHO CHANG

HARRY: Whatever...

—

CHO CHANG: Well Harry Potter, bless your heart um, but I'm gonna have to say no? That young, strapping boy Cedric Di-Gore-Ie already asked me and I'm gonna go with him. *Sorry. (she hands him back the wreath, then addresses her posse)* Come on girls, let's go show Moaning Myrtle our ball gowns and make fun of her because she can't go!

LAVENDER & MARIETTA: Yeah!

(Cho Chang, Lavender and Marietta leave. Ron enters with another Seinfeld sting, holding a bag of Reese's Pieces.)

RON: Hey there good buddy, how are you doing?

HARRY: Okay

RON: Is that a Yule Ball wreath?

HARRY: Yeah

RON: Who you gonna ask?

HARRY: Well I asked Cho Chang but she turned me down for Cedric... Stuppery.

RON: Oh my God they're going together? That's so great I love him so- they're so, cute-

HARRY: No, no, no-

RON: I hate him. I hate him so much. Oh my God he pisses me off, wow... Aw man that sucks dude. I don't know why she'd turn you down, you're like the coolest guy in school.

HARRY: I don't know, I get it. I play guitar, I'm Harry Potter. I'm awesome.

RON: Reese's Pieces?

HARRY: Yeah... *(grabbing some Reese's Pieces from Ron)* I don't get it man I mean I guess I'll just go stag, huh?

RON: Yeah I'll probably go stag too. And the only two girls that I know that don't have dates already are Ginny *(they both do a raspberry and thumbs down)* and Hermione.

HARRY: Oh my God. *(they do another raspberry and thumbs down)*

RON: And I'm not going with my stupid sister.

HARRY: And I think of Hermione as a sister so that's out.

RON: We are in such a puzzle.

RON: What a conundrum.

(Neville walks in and spots Harry & Ron eating Reese's Pieces.)

NEVILLE: My, look at these strapping young men.

RON: Hey Neville.

HARRY: Hey Neville, you want this Yule Ball wreath?

NEVILLE: Uh yeah, if you're willing to part with it *(he takes the wreath from Harry)* then I will take this wreath.

HARRY: Hey Ron, let's go hang out with Hagrid. He can teach us how to dance so we could get in our dress robes

RON: That can only lead to disaster and hilarity

HARRY: Ha, let's go!

RON: *(exiting)* I mean I just don't know about Hermione. I don't think anyone's asked her yet, you know 'cause she's just- she's just so butt ugly.

HARRY: *(exiting)* Hideous!

(Harry & Ron exit, leaving Neville alone to smell the flowers on the wreath. Goyle walks in and goes straight up to Neville.)

GOYLE: Give that plant nerd!

NEVILLE:*(throwing the wreath at Goyle)* Ah!

GOYLE: *(celebrating)* Oh, Goyle rules!

(As Goyle spins the wreath on his wand, Draco walks in holding the head of the reluctant dragon now attached to a hunting plaque. Crabbe follows Draco, listening to how he killed the dragon.)

DRACO: *(to Crabbe)* Yeah so anyway... He was reluctant enough at first, but I lured it out of its cage with an upside down cake and lassoed it with my Fruit by the Foot and beheaded it with a quick slicing charm. Bloody fool...

DRACO: *(continuing, seeing Goyle)* Wh- Goyle? What are you doing with that wreath? What are you, going to ask someone to the Yule Ball?

GOYLE: *(throwing the wreath to the ground)* ...No. Dancing's for nerds.

CRABBE: And pretty girls!

DRACO: That's right. You know who the last girl I'd have asked to the Yule Ball would be? *(grabbing the wreath)* That Hermione Granger... Not even if we were the last two people on earth and she looked absolutely stunning in her ball gown so every time I'd looked at her I'd got butterflies in my tummy. *(beat)* Not even then. You know, they don't even have dances at Pigfarts. All of the noise would disturb Rumbleroar's slumbering cubs.

GOYLE: Dancing is for pansies.

CRABBE: Right!

(PANSY PARKISON, a Slytherin student, wanders into the great hall.)

DRACO: *(seeing Pansy)* Hey you there, what's your name?

PANSY: Pansy.

DRACO: Perfect! You're going to the Yule Ball with me.

(Draco runs up to her and gives her the wreath. They lock arms and exit while Crabbe & Goyle grab the dragon head and follow.)

DRACO: *(exiting)* Did you see that dragon? Well it was reluctant enough at first but I lured it out of its cage with an upside down...

(Quirrell enters, holding a punch bowl and a ladle wrapped in cloth.)

QUIRRELL: *(looking around)* Yule Ball decorating crew. Just the Yule Ball decorating crew coming through. Last minute decorations... *(he places the bowl down and takes off his turban)* My Lord, the Yule Ball has finally arrived and I've brought the key!

VOLDEMORT: *(snapping)* Yes I know Quirrell. I hear everything you hear!

QUIRRELL: I'm sorry.

VOLDEMORT: No I'm sorry, I shouldn't have snapped. I'm just nervous, that's all.

QUIRRELL: Nervous?

VOLDEMORT: No,

QUIRRELL: Why?

VOLDEMORT: I don't want to talk about it.

QUIRRELL: Hey, it's just me. You can tell me anything, you know that.

VOLDEMORT: Yeah, yeah, you're right, you're right. I'm just nervous because we've been planning this night for so long and I want everything to go perfectly, you know?

QUIRRELL: Don't worry. We've mapped out everything. We've anticipated every little problem and compensated for it. We've even prepared what you're going to say to Potter when you see him. So just cool down, relax. By the end of the night you'll have your revenge and your body back.

VOLDEMORT: You're right, you're right I'm being... silly. But you know I- Quirrell over the last year I've- I've really grown attached to you... No pun intended.

QUIRRELL: Yeah I know what you mean. But, hey, we'll still hang out, just because we won't be attached doesn't mean we'll be two completely different people... No pun intended.

VOLDEMORT: No, no of course not, of course not. Hey Quirrell, we should make plans-

QUIRRELL: Evil plans?

VOLDEMORT: Oh uh... *No*. Casual plans. Like um, we could go rollerblading on a Saturday and then, uh, see a movie at night, huh?

QUIREEL: Yeah. It'll be great because we'd both be able to watch it for a change.

VOLDEMORT: Yeah yeah... I bet it'll be nice to sleep in our own beds. Not have someone behind you all the time.

QUIRRELL: And have the privacy of my old life back again. *(sadly)* The solitude

VOLDEMORT: You know, whatever happens tonight man, it's been a blast

QUIRRELL: Yeah. One crazy year... Hey, promise we'll go rollerblading and see that movie

VOLDEMORT: Oh, man, I promise.

QUIRRELL: Okay.

VOLDEMORT: Quirrell. Let's go plant that key and split... Pun intended!

(Quirrell puts the turban back on and starts unwrapping the ladle as Snape throws open the door.)

SNAPE: Why Professor Quirrell... What on earth are you doing in the Great Dance Hall? Just moments before the dance?

QUIRRELL: Just decorating for the Yule Ball. Last minute decorations.
(placing the ladle in the punch bowl) Just one final touch...

SNAPE: A ladle?

QUIRRELL: A very special ladle for a very special night. For a very special punch...

SNAPE: And what's so special about it?

QUIRRELL: Let's just say there's... Squirt in it.

SNAPE: Squirt! Is that not the favorite drink of one *Harry Potter*?

QUIRRELL: Is it? I had no idea. Well, we better be going-

SNAPE: We?

QUIRRELL: I! I better be going. Loud music hurts my ears.

SNAPE: Okay well, I'll see you later then.

QUIRRELL: Or maybe you won't.

SNAPE: Or maybe I will.

(They exchange looks before Quirrell starts to exit. As he exits, Dumbledore enters with a can of Red Bull and bumps into him.)

DUMBLEDORE: Excuse me, it was my fault. Hey Severus!

SNAPE: Oh, uh Headmaster. What are you doing here? Getting some punch are you? Oh no, no, there's Squirt in that.

DUMBLEDORE: Oh, only Harry Potter likes that hog's shit. I'll stick to my Red Bull thank you very much.

SNAPE: Oh, well goodnight Headmaster.

DUMBLEDORE: Severus I- I saved this last dance for you.

SNAPE: Well I would Headmaster, but you see... Well an old friend is coming back into town tonight. *(laughing maniacally while exiting)*

DUMBLEDORE: Oh.

SCENE 1.10

(The great hall cafeteria a while later. The Yule Ball is in full swing as Cedric & Cho Chang, Neville & Hannah, and other couples, are all slow-dancing the night away. Pansy is trying to get Draco to dance, but he won't. Harry, in a loud ruffled yellow suit coat, stands alone. Ron enters with a six-pack of butterbear and walks over to Harry.)

HARRY: Hey Ron.

RON: Hey what's up dude how's it going? Have you seen Hermione anywhere?

HARRY: No I haven't. Why?

RON: Nothing, nothing. It's just, you know I- I heard Parvati Patil telling *Padma Patil* that she had seen Hermione in the girl's locker room before just crying her eyes out in the bathroom stall and I-

HARRY: Crying? What happened?

RON: I don't know, isn't that like the saddest thing you've ever heard?

HARRY: Yeah,

RON: *(drinking a butterbeer)* I mean I don't know it's just- It was inevitable that one day Hermione would realize that nobody would ever like her, you know? Because of her obnoxious personality and her ugly face and misshapen body, but you know it's just I don't know, I figured she'd get into at least one night of happiness before she realized she was gonna be growing old alone, you know?

(Draco pulls away from Pansy and joins Harry & Ron's conversation.)

DRACO: Hey you two over here talking about Granger?

HARRY: Malfoy, get out of here! It's none of your business. Why don't you go dance with Pansy over there?

DRACO: *(to Pansy)* Hey, go get me some punch.

PANSY: Okay. *(she starts to walk over but stops)* Wait, um, I should tell you, there's Squirt in it.

HARRY: Oh nice.

DRACO: Squirt? Ugh. Never mind, I'll stay dehydrated. Go, go powder your nose or something.

PANSY: But I just fixed my make up a little while ago.

DRACO: Ugh, trust me. You need more powder. Pain in the ass, right?

(Pansy dejectedly walks over to Neville & Hannah. Draco continues:)

DRACO: So anyway, noticed Granger's not around here. Probably for the better too, no one would be able to keep their hummus and pita chips down with that ugly mug of hers darting all about.

RON: Wow, why don't you just give her a break for once. Okay, Malfoy?

DRACO: Why defending her, Weasley? Have a crush?

RON: No! No, why all the insults Malfoy? Covering up a crush? Yeah? Yeah?

DRACO: Oh... right, right Like I could ever have a crush on that stupid...

GRANGER DANGER

(Hermione enters through the middle archway, a stunningly beautiful picture. Her hair is done up, wearing more makeup than we ever seen on her, and in a remarkable baby pink dress with a black coat.)

CHO CHANG: Oh my gosh! Y'all! She looks so beautiful! Bless her heart!

HARRY: She looks great!

RON:

HERE I AM, FACE TO FACE, WITH A SITUATION
I NEVER THOUGHT I'D EVER SEE
IT'S STRANGE

(Hermione removes her coat and takes to the dance floor.)

HOW A DRESS CAN TAKE A MESS
AND MAKE HER NOTHING LESS THAN
BEAUTIFUL TO ME
IT SEEMS LIKE MY EYES HAVE BEEN TRANSFIGURED
SOMETHING DEEP INSIDE HAS CHANGED, WOAH
THEY'VE BEEN OPEN WIDE, BUT HOLD THAT TRIGGER
THIS COULD MEAN
DANGER

(Hermione starts to awkwardly dance to the slow music, as if in a club.)

I'M FALLING IN LOVE,
FALLING IN LOVE,

FALLING IN LOVE...
I THINK I'M FALLING IN LOVE,
FALLING IN LOVE,
FALLING IN LOVE...
WITH HERMIONE GRANGER

(A spotlight appears on Draco, confused, now down-stage.)

DRACO:

WHAT
WHAT THE HELL IS THIS?
YOU EXPECT ME TO SING ABOUT HER?
I DON'T CARE ABOUT HER
IT'S JUST A LITTLE MAKE UP
DRACO WAKE UP!
I'M MISTAKEN
SHE
IS THE *HOTTEST* GIRL I'VE EVER SEEN!
NOW,
BECAUSE SHE'S LIKE A GIRL I'VE NEVER SEEN
DON'T KNOW WHY
I'D EVER BE SO MEAN
THIS COULD MEAN
DANGER

I'M FALLING IN LOVE,
FALLING IN LOVE,
FALLING IN LOVE...
I COULD BE
FALLING IN LOVE,

FALLING IN LOVE,
FALLING IN LOVE...
WITH HERMIONE GRANGER

BOTH:

I WANT TO LET HER KNOW

DRACO:

I FEEL SO QUEASY

BOTH:

BUT I CAN'T LET IT SHOW

RON:

SHE'D LAUGH! POOR WEASLEY

BOTH:

COME ON

RON:

RON!

DRACO:

DRACO!

BOTH:

YOU GOTTA LET IT GO!
YOU GOTTA LET IT GO!

(Draco gets an erection, and he quickly covers it with his hands.)

DRACO:

WHAT?
WHAT THE HELL IS THIS?
I WANT TO

SING ABOUT HER
SING ABOUT HER

I WANT TO MAKE UP
GRANGER, WAKE UP!

I'VE BEEN MISTAKEN

SHE IS THE HOTTEST GIRL

I'VE EVER SEEN, NOW
BECAUSE SHE'S LIKE A GIRL
I'VE NEVER SEEN
DON'T KNOW WHY
I'D EVER BE SO MEAN

RON:

HERE I AM
FACE TO FACE
WITH A SITUATION
I NEVER
THOUGHT I'D EVER
SEE. IT'S STRANGE
HOW A DRESS
CAN TAKE A MESS
AND MAKE HER
NOTHING LESS THAN
BEAUTIFUL TO ME...

IT SEEMS LIKE
MY EYES HAVE BEEN
TRANSFIGURED
SOMETHING DEEP
INSIDE DEEP HAS
CHANGED, WOAH
THEY'VE BEEN OPEN
WIDE BUT HOLD
THAT TRIGGER

BOTH (RON / *DRACO*):

THIS COULD MEAN
DANGER
I'M FALLING IN LOVE,
FALLING IN LOVE,
FALLING IN LOVE...
I THINK I'M / *I COULD BE*

FALLING IN LOVE,
FALLING IN LOVE...
WITH HERMIONE GRANGER...
WITH HERMIONE GRANGER...
WITH HERMIONE GRANGER...
DANGER

(Draco runs off stage, still covering his crotch, as Ron goes back to join Harry. Hermione is talking with Pansy, Neville and Lavender on the dance floor. Ron starts on another butterbeer.)

RON: Oh my God. Ah, I can't believe it.

HARRY: What?

RON: I just can't- I can't believe she is dancing with every guy but me. That is so- That is so stupid. That is stupid...

RON: W-Why do you- Why do you even care, man?

RON: *(drunk)* I don't! I-I don't care. I don't care and that's what I'm gonna go up and tell her I'm gonna go and say "I don't care what you do" and she's gonna feel so damn stupid. She is gonna feel like such an idiot.

HARRY: Listen Ron, you're acting like a real jerk, maybe you should take it easy on the butterbeer.

(Harry reaches for the butterbeer in Ron's hands but he pulls it away. Hermione walks over to them as Ron hides the butterbeer from Harry.)

RON: *(to Harry)* No! No.

HERMIONE: Hey guys.

HARRY: Hey Hermione, hey you look great. You look wonderful.

HERMIONE: Oh thanks, yeah. You know I used to think looks weren't important and now, I think they're more important than anything... Oh it's just, I'm having so much fun dancing with everyone-

RON: Wow- wow Hermione. When did you become so shallow? When?

HERMIONE: What is wrong with you, Ron?

RON: Nothing. Nothing's wrong with me, but why don't you just go ask Schlongbottom to dance, huh? Go do it.

HERMIONE: You know what? Maybe I will!

(Hermione storms off to ask Neville & Hannah if she can cut in.)

RON: I showed her. I showed her so good.

HARRY: Wait a second- Wait a hot second. I know what's going on here! You've got a crush! *(taking the butterbeer and putting it down)* Alright, Ron. Listen, listen to me now, just a little advice. Just call me crazy, but girls don't really like it when you're angry at them, much less you shout at them. Now maybe what you should do is go over there and tell her how much you care about her. Okay? Maybe you should ask her to dance.

RON: What? No! No! 'Cause then she'd know that I liked her. And you always know that you don't tell a girl that you like her because it makes you look like an idiot.

HARRY: I know you'll look like an idiot. Anytime you tell a girl you like her, it makes you look dumb, that's inevitable. But listen, it's something you have to do, alright, you have to move forward so that everyone will like you back. Okay? And what have we got to lose? We look like idiots anyway. I mean, here's one, look at our robes. You know, if we dressed like this in the muggle world, we would get our asses kicked. You have nothing to lose. Absolutely nothing. I bet, you know She probably wants to dance with you just as much as you want to dance with her. You just gotta- *(noticing Ginny, alone on a bench)* You just gotta, give it a chance. Maybe there's something that you didn't see before, you know. *(starting to walk towards Ginny)* You just gotta go and maybe find something special and through the whole time you just didn't really have the guts to... Say anything.

RON: Where are you going? Where are you going? I'm still mad and sad.

HARRY: Hold on. HP's gonna take his own advice, pal.

(Harry leaves Ron, and walks over to Ginny, crying on a bench.)

HARRY: Hey. Ginny.

GINNY: Oh. Hey, Harry.

HARRY: Can I sit down?

GINNY: Um, yeah, sure.

HARRY: *(sitting down)* So, how's Hogwarts?

GINNY: You know, it's- It's okay. I- I was actually, I was really excited to come here but now that I'm here I just... I just don't think I belong.

HARRY: Oh yeah, I totally know what you mean.

GINNY: Um... no. You don't. You're Harry Potter.

HARRY: Yeah I know, like for eleven years I was this dumb kid that got the crap kicked out of me under a staircase, and all of a sudden like “You're a wizard! You have all these powers!” And everybody thinks I'm cool all of a sudden. It's weird, it's kind of isolating I- uh, hey, I'm sorry. I'm sorry. I'm complaining about being famous, I'm sorry.

GINNY: Oh no, I understand. It's like when you first got here: nobody wanted to get to know you because they thought they knew you already. But, eventually you'll find people that'll want to get to know you for the real you.

HARRY: You know Ginny, I feel like I already have found this person and I've taken them for granted so tell you what, come on. *(getting up)* You wanna dance? It's the whole point of the evening.

GINNY: *(getting up)* Oh-*kay*.

HARRY: Now I gotta warn you, *(spinning Ginny into him)* I've learned all my best dance moves from Hagrid, so I'm not that great.

GINNY: I'm sure you'll be fine. Wow, Harry Potter, I don't care what anybody says. You're the best dancer that ever was.

HARRY: Well I've got a confession to make, Ginny. These shoes right here are magical enchanted dancing shoes.

GINNY: Wowie! Harry Potter!

(He throws her out and spins her back in, this time with her back against him, looking into her eyes.)

HARRY: I'm just messing with you. I'm just awesome at dancing.

(Harry & Ginny start to slow dance, as Ron karate-chops Hermione & Neville's arms, stopping them in their tracks.)

RON: Yahh!

NEVILLE: Ow!

RON: Okay when you *really* dance with Neville is when you cross the line. *(handing Neville an empty butterbeer)* Okay take this: Beat it. Get out of here.

HERMIONE: What is wrong with you-

RON: Come here. COME HERE.

(Ron forcefully pulls Hermione off the dance floor by the arm.)

HERMIONE: Ow! Ow! Why are you being so mean to me?

RON: I'm not being mean!

HERMIONE: Ow! Yes you are! *(she pulls her arm free. She yells at him with increasing volume)* You know everyday, everyone is trying to put me down and on the one day I actually feel like a person, you're trying to ruin it!

RON: *(shocked)* Holy shit.

HERMIONE: What is wrong with you, Ron? Come on!

DRACO: *(off-stage)* Hey, Weasley!

(Draco rolls in on the floor, over to Ron, and then gets up.)

DRACO: *(in Ron's face)* The lady said no!

HERMIONE: Not you too. You know what? I am so sick of both of you. I hate you both!

(Hermione slaps them both separately and storms back onto the dance floor. Ron & Draco both hold their noses in pain.)

DRACO: What did you say to her?

RON: Nothing!

(They both start checking their noses repeatedly for blood.)

DRACO: I'm bleeding!

RON: I'm bleeding.

DRACO: *(showing Ron)* Look at this!

RON: *(showing Draco)* Look what she did to me!

(As Ron & Draco nurse their noses, Harry & Ginny are still slow-dancing, spinning in circles.)

HARRY: You know Ginny. Ginny, I'm feeling kind of dizzy.

GINNY: Well maybe we should stop spinning. *(they stop spinning and just hold each other)* It's from all this spinning, huh?

HARRY: We have stopped spinning

(They pull into a deep embrace. As they kiss, Ginny's leg goes up à la Princess Diaries. After a long moment, Harry pulls away.)

HARRY: Wait! No! No no no no I can't- I can't do this. You're- You're Ginny Weasley. You're my best friend's little sister- You're Ron Weasley's sister, I c- I-I'm sorry Ginny I can't do this. I'm sorry.

(Ginny starts to sob and runs away. Harry spots Cho Chang & Cedric.)

HARRY: Hey Cho! Hey, come on dance with me. I'm Harry Potter. Let's go.

(Harry pulls Cho Chang away from Cedric, and they start to dance.)

CEDRIC: Excuse me, I believe I was dancing with the lady.

HARRY: Yeah I know and I'm uh, I'm cutting in, so yeah.

CEDRIC: Well, I *find* that to be very rude.

HARRY: Alright Cedric, well why don't we *find* out what the lady has to say about it?

CHO CHANG: Oh, boys. There's no need to fight over little ol' me. *(to Harry, sing-songy)* But by the way, Cedric thinks that you cheated on the dragon's task.

HARRY: Cheated? Are you kidding me? That thing was trying to eat me. I was in its mouth!

CEDRIC: Exactly. *What* went on in there? I'd like to *find* out.

HARRY: *(pulling out his wand)* Alright, that is it, Diggory! We are dueling. Let's go!

CHO CHANG: Oh Godric's Hollow! All this excitement is making me thirsty

HARRY: Oh, Cho! I can get you something to drink, let me get you some punch.

CEDRIC: No, I'll get the punch.

HARRY: No, I'll get the punch!

CEDRIC: Fine! Have the punch.

(Cedric uppercuts Harry, who falls to the floor by the punch bowl.)

CEDRIC: *(to Cho Chang)* I did it!

CHO CHANG: You did it!

(Harry grabs the ladle from the punch bowl and rushes Cedric.)

HARRY: Cedric Diggory I'm gonna kill you!

(Cedric grabs Harry's arm before Harry can swing at him. They both start to spin and get teleported by the portkey.)

COMPANY: Portkey! Portkey! Portkey! Portkey! Portkey! Portkey!

SCENE 1.11

(A graveyard in darkness. Tombstones are littered around and a giant cauldron is in the middle of it all. Harry & Cedric land on the ground, as Harry drops the ladle. They both start to get up and look around.)

CEDRIC: Uh, where are we?

HARRY: I don't know Cedric, someone punched me in the face and my sense of direction got a little goofed up!

CEDRIC: Well it seems clear to me now that that punch ladle was a portkey. And now, thanks to you, we've both been transported to some mystery location.

HARRY: Brilliant Cedric, well you're a Hufflepuff, why don't you *find* a way out of this place, okay?

(Cedric reads a tombstone and calls over to Harry.)

CEDRIC: Harry, I think I found something! It appears to be a headstone. We must be in some sort of graveyard... Tom Riddle, Mary Riddle, Thoms Riddle- Riddle me this, eh Potter?

HARRY: Cedric, I don't know about this place. I think we gotta get out of here.

CEDRIC: Harry, you're a Gryffindor. Where's your sense of adventure?

HARRY: God- Cedric. You are so annoying, okay? You're like this guy, that's just around all the time when I don't need a guy around.

(Quirrell starts to creep into the graveyard holding his wand.)

HARRY: You're this spare guy all the time. This spare dude. You're such a spare!

VOLDEMORT: Kill the spare! *(casting, at Cedric)* Avada Kedavra!

(Cedric, hit by the spell, falls to the ground for his last words:)

CEDRIC: So many regrets, I'm dead!

(His head hits the floor and Harry starts to move towards him.)

HARRY: Oh my wizard God!

QUIRRELL: Not so fast! *(casting, at Harry)* Petrificus Totalus!

(Harry's limbs snap together on the ground and he is frozen in place.)

CEDRIC: Professor Quirrell, you just killed Cedric!

QUIRRELL: Not I, Potter... But perhaps you'd like to see who did. He's dying to see you...

(Quirrell turns around and pulls off his turban, revealing Voldemort. Harry screams and his scar starts to burn.)

VOLDEMORT: Harry Potter, The Boy Who Lived. It's good to see you again.

(A death eater, very obviously Snape, steps out to talk to Voldemort.)

SNAPE: The cauldron is ready, my lord.

(DEATH EATER #1 and DEATH EATER #2 walk out and both crouch down by Cedric and Harry, respectively.)

HARRY: Cauldron? What are you guys gonna do, eat me? That's gross.

VOLDEMORT: Ah, as delicious a dish as I'd think you'd make, Potter, I'd need a stomach of my own to digest you and I haven't got one of those. Yet...

(Quirrell & Voldemort walk behind the cauldron as DEATH EATER #3 enters and takes their place by Snape. Quirrell plugs his nose as he goes into the cauldron. Snape starts to drop ingredients into the cauldron. First a large bone and then he takes out a butcher knife. He raises his hand and cuts it off into the cauldron with a scream of pain.)

SNAPE: Oh! Ahhhhhhhh! Oohhhh. Aaaahaha- Wooho. Okay haaha.

(Death Eater #3 walks up and takes the butcher knife from Snape and goes over to Harry. They slice Harry's arm and he convulses.)

SNAPE: *(to Harry)* Stop struggling! Detention, Potter!

HARRY: Detention? Jeez, this guy is almost as big of an asshole as Snape is.

(Death Eater #3 drops the now bloodied knife into the cauldron and they back away with Snape. As they both kneel down, out from the cauldron jumps Quirrell, with no Voldemort attached.)

QUIRRELL: It worked!

(Crazed laughter slowly builds from inside the cauldron as up stands Voldemort, now in with a body and wand all of his own. With even more laughter he jumps out of the cauldron. As he starts to learn how to maneuver his body, he takes his very step with a loud “k’dunh” sound. He is wearing tap shoes. He takes another, with the same sound. He does two dig-toe steps and then addresses the death eaters.)

TO DANCE AGAIN

VOLDEMORT:

WHEN I WAS A BOY...
BUT AN ORPHAN BOY
I'D LOVE TO MOVE MY FEET
I'D HEAR A TUNE
AND START TO SWOON
MY LIFE WOULD SEEM COMPLETE

THE OTHER BOYS WOULD LAUGH AND JEER
BUT I'D CATCH 'EM TAPPING THEIR TOES
AND WHEN I'D START TO SWAY
THEY'D GET CARRIED AWAY
AND OH, HOW THE FEELING GROWS

(Voldemort does a choreographed tap routine.)

I TAKE MY
FOOT
MY LITTLE FOOT
AND WITH THAT FOOT
OH HOW I START TO SHAKE

I TAKE TWO FEET
TWO TINY FEET
HEY LOOK! THAT'S NEAT!

IT'S COMING TRUE!
OH BOY I GET TO DANCE AGAIN
WOOHOO!

TO DANCE AGAIN
I'VE BEEN WAITING ALL THESE YEARS TO DANCE AGAIN
NOW AT ONCE A CHANCE APPEARS
TO HEAR THE BEAT. SO ON YOUR FEET
IT'S TIME TO DANCE AGAIN

VOLDEMORT: Come on Potter! (*casting*) Imperio!

(Voldemort's spell causes Harry to spring up and perform the same choreographed tap routine in his dress shoes.)

YOU TAKE YOUR FOOT
YOUR LITTLE FOOT
HEY LOOK, YOUR FOOT
SEE HOW IT STARTS TO SHAKE

QUIRRELL:

OOH TRY HIS ARMS!
HOW 'BOUT A TWIRL?
HE'S LIKE A GIRL!
HOW OVERDUE
I GET TO FINALLY DANCE AGAIN WITH YOU

VOLDEMORT & QUIRRELL:

TO DANCE AGAIN
I'VE BEEN WAITING ALL THESE YEARS TO DANCE AGAIN
NOW AT ONCE A CHANCE APPEARS
IT'S LOVELY SWAYING AND THE MUSIC'S PLAYING
COME ON LET'S DANCE AGAIN

VOLDEMORT: Everybody!

(Voldemort, Quirrell, Snape & The Death Eaters all line up to dance.)

QUIRRELL, SNAPE, & THE
DEATH EATERS:

I TAKE MY FOOT

MY LITTLE FOOT

AND OH MY FOOT

SEE HOW IT STARTS TO SHAKE
OH VOLDY'S BACK

FOR THE ATTACK

HE'LL TAKE OVER THE WORLD
IT'S TRUE
BUT FIRST THERE'S
SOMETHING HE'S GOTTA DO

VOLDEMORT:

YOU TAKE YOUR FOOT!

TAKE THAT LITTLE FOOT

LET ME HEAR IT NOW!!

HELLO WORLD!

I'M GONNA GET YA!

(They all form a kick line, as Harry investigates Cedric's body.)

BOTH: (**VOLDEMORT/COMPANY**)

**I'LL/HE 'LL DANCE AGAIN
I'VE/HE 'S BEEN WAITING
ALL THESE YEARS TO DANCE AGAIN
NOW AT ONCE A CHANCE APPEARS**

VOLDEMORT:

**EVERYBODY MAKE WAY
FOR A PAS DE BOURRÉE**

COMPANY:

**IT'S TIME TO DANCE,
IT'S TIME TO DANCE,
IT'S TIME TO DANCE**

VOLDEMORT:

**AGAIN!
AGAIN!**

(They all hit the floor and frame Voldemort with jazz hands.)



(BELLATRIX LESTRANGE, Voldemort's trusted right-hand woman and ex-lover, enters as the Death Eaters applaud.)

BELLATRIX: My Dark Lord... You look fabulous.

VOLDEMORT: Bellatrix Lestrange!

BELLATRIX: Oh, my liege! Tell me it's going to be like the old days when we do nothing but torture, murder, and make love?

VOLDEMORT: Ah, the old days are back, baby!

(Voldemort spins Bellatrix into a dip and proceeds to motorboat her.)

BELLATRIX: I can't tell you what it was like without you.

VOLDEMORT: Well I'm never going again. *(dropping her to the floor)*
'Cause I've conquered death and my first pleasure will be to kill Harry Potter.

And next to take over the Ministry of Magic and rule the world for all time!

BELLATRIX: And you will, my Lord, but not yet. For now we must stick to the plan, we blame Potter's murder on... Quirrell! So that your return may remain a secret. The Death Eaters aren't prepared to take on the entire Ministry of Magic, much less Dumbledore, and the Order of the Phoenix.

QUIRRELL: *(confused)* I'm sorry. What was that about me going to Azkaban for Potter's murder?

BELLATRIX: Ohoho, you shall refer to him as My Lord, my liege, or my Dark Lord only!

VOLDEMORT: *(interputting)* No, no, no, Bellatrix, it's a- it's cool. Quirrell's cool, Quirrell's cool, he's... Over the last year he's proven himself to be a very good fr- *(beat)* A very good servant to the will of the Dark Lord.

QUIRRELL: Oh I see, so- So you're Thomas Jefferson and I'm your Sally Hemings, is that right?

VOLDEMORT: No. No, Quirrell, that came out wrong. It's not like that.

QUIRRELL: Isn't it?

BELLATRIX: Ugh, silence slave! *(casting)* Crucio!

(Quirrell screams and drops to the floor, convulsing in pain. Voldemort pulls Bellatrix away as she laughs at Quirrell.)

VOLDEMORT: It's alright, it's...

BELLATRIX: What's the matter? He is your pawn! You are his queen. *(to Quirrell)* It is an honor to serve the Dark Lord, no matter what the task!

(Voldemort walks over to Quirrell and crouches down to meet him.)

VOLDEMORT: Are you all right?

QUIRRELL: Did you really know the whole time, you'd... blame Potter's murder on me?

VOLDEMORT: Yes... yes I- I knew. *(reaching to caress Quirrell)* But things have changed over the last year, I feel different now-

QUIRRELL: Don't touch me!

VOLDEMORT: How do I explain this? It's- It's like that movie *She's All That*. You remember? We watched that together. You remember how at the end Freddie Prinze Jr. turns out to be good?

QUIRRELL: No. I didn't see the end because you were watching it while you were on the back of my head sucking my soul!

VOLDEMORT: Well I wish there was another way, but I've got to take over the world.

QUIRRELL: *(getting up)* Well there is. I'll let you know now but it's gonna be pretty hard to make that rollerblading date from Azkaban.

BELLATRIX: Death Eaters, take him away.

(Bellatrix snaps her fingers as the three Death Eaters, plus Snape, take Quirrell off. She goes to comfort Voldemort.)

BELLATRIX: And now you have what you've waited for for so long.

VOLDEMORT: What?

BELLATRIX: Your chance to kill Harry Potter.

VOLDEMORT: Yes... *(turning to Cedric)* Kill Potter! *(he notices that no one's there.)* Avad- whoa, where'd he go?

(Harry dives to grab the ladle portkey and Cedric's body.)

HARRY: You're not killing me today Voldemort, but I'll tell you what I'll get you some punch!

(He grabs both the ladle and Cedric's body as he starts to teleport back to the Yule Ball in the great hall cafeteria.)

COMPANY: Portkey! Portkey! Portkey! Portkey!

SCENE 1.12

(Harry teleports back into the great hall in the middle of the dance floor with Cedric's body, dropping the ladle portkey on the floor. All the students and Dumbledore gasp at the return of Harry and Cedric.)

GINNY: Oh my wizard God! What happened Harry Potter?

DUMBLEDORE: You... Harry, what the hell are you doing over here? You missed the raffle.

(Snape runs in, clutching his hand underneath his cloak and cape.)

SNAPE: What happened in the graveyard?

HARRY: It's- it's Voldemort! It's Voldemort! He's back!

(Curtain.)

ACT TWO

SCENE 2.1

(Multiple tableaux of Newsies selling the daily prophets latest newspapers appear. THREE NEWSIES enter with papers.)

NEWSIE #1: Extra! Extra! Read all about it. Harry Potter, the boy who beat Voldemort now says he's back!

NEWSIE #2: Daily Prophet! Get your Daily Prophet here! Harry Potter versus Voldemort, round two!

NEWSIE #3: Minister of Magic Cornelius Fudge makes a statement!

(CORNELIUS FUDGE, the uptight and upstanding Minister of Magic, enters with a spotlight as the Newsies read it in the paper.)

FUDGE: I've heard these Voldemort rumors and I, for one, simply don't believe it.

(Voldemort is sitting in his lair talking into a computer camera.)

NEWSIE #2: Voldemort talks about it on his new FlooTube channel!

VOLDEMORT: I'm gonna find Harry Potter and I'm gonna piss in his mouth!

NEWSIE #2: *(flicking through paper)* Also does reviews of "17 Again".

VOLDEMORT: Well it was a little slow in the beginning, but. Come on, Zac Efron. Zefron! Enough said.

FUDGE: I've seen these so-called posts and I still don't believe it. This is a ruse. You all have been hoodwinked!

(Both Voldemort and Fudge disappear as Newsie #3 walks down.)

NEWISE #3: Professor Quirrell confesses to murder of Hogwarts student, Cedric Diggory! Receives life in Azkaban.

ALL NEWSIES: *(ad-libbing)* Extra! Extra! Read all about it! Extra! Daily Prophet! Get your Daily Prophet!

(They all run off waving their newspapers.)

SCENE 2.2

(Ron enters the great hall depressed, clutching a giant torso-size chocolate bar he's eating. Filing in behind him is a group of students, including a crying Cho Chang, being comforted by Neville and Marietta. Harry enters the hall reading the latest newspaper. Ron walks up beside Harry in his chocolate and tears filled haze.)

HARRY: Man... Ron, this totally sucks man. This-

RON: This is horrible.

HARRY: Yeah I know I mean, look at this. This- It's terrible. *(showing Ron the paper)* "Harry Potter vs. Voldemort: The Fight of the Century".

RON: No it's not that. It's Hermione. It's just like- I can't get her out of my head, and every time I look at her I have these pains in my chest, and I just know it's her fault, that bitch. I'm just not cut out for this, Harry. I'm not.

HARRY: Yeah man I know what you mean, it's like when you're trying to save the world, and the whole world is just against you.

RON: No, no, no, no, no! This isn't about you! Why does every conversation we have to have have to turn into Potter talk?

HARRY: It's not Potter talk-

RON: No! No! I'm miserable. And all you can do is talk about yourself. You're like the most self absorbed guy I know. If you were miserable, I'd be there for you, but you won't even listen to me and I'm sick of it. So- so, so good luck with whatever you were talking about and I hope that you and Voldemort live happily ever after. 'Cause me? I am never going to be happy again. So I'm just gonna go curl up in my sock drawer and sleep for days.

HARRY: Ron...

(Ron walks away dejected, as Hermione runs up to Harry.)

HERMIONE: Were you just talking to Ron?

HARRY: Yeah I was trying to tell him about Voldemort-

HERMIONE: Well did he say anything about me?

HARRY: Uh, yeah, he said that someone told him-

HERMIONE: Well, was one of them an apology for how he treated me at the Yule Ball?

HARRY: Um, yeah I heard about that. Listen, I was wondering maybe if you heard about a little something, I don't know, that uh, Voldemort is back! Uh, Cedric Diggory is dead!

CHO CHANG: Oh!

HARRY Professor Quirrell was crazy! And now I have to save the world. Did you hear that Hermione?

HERMIONE: Um, actually I have heard those things, Harry, about a thousand times, but never had they been told to me with so much sass. Drop the attitude Harry Potter. You are acting like Garfield on a Monday.

HARRY: Well don't you think I have a right to be a little stressed out?

HERMIONE: Wh- no. No I don't. You know what, this is just like with the dragon, okay? I stressed out, I told you to prepare and yet you didn't do anything, and you were fine. You know you just played your little guitar. I mean, and I don't know what you're crying about, Harry, this is just like when you defeated Voldemort and you were a baby.

HARRY: Hermione, come on! You're the friend that's supposed to tell me to go to the library and try to figure this stuff out-

HERMIONE: Well you know what, Harry? I don't do that anymore.

(Hermione goes to comfort Cho, as Draco rolls into the hall.)

DRACO: Read it and weep, Potter! I heard Voldemort's back. *(he rolls across the top of a table)* And he's trying to kill you. What do you think about that, Moonshoes?

HARRY: Malfoy, I honestly don't see why you're so happy about this. If Voldemort is back, which he is, you might as well kiss Hogwarts goodbye. You might as well kiss the whole planet goodbye.

DRACO: Kiss the planet goodbye? Having second thoughts about Pigfarts, are you?

HARRY: Malfoy you're the last person I want to talk to now, okay?

DRACO: You know what? As soon as you're out of the way, I'll be the coolest kid in school.

HERMIONE: Malfoy, that will never happen. Everybody hates you.

DRACO: Oh right, okay, this coming from Hermione Stranger.

MARIETTA: She's right, Malfoy. She's cooler than you.

CHO CHANG: Yeah, even Moaning Myrtle is cooler than you.

NEVILLE: Take this! *(casting)* Expelliarmus!

DRACO: No!

(As Neville's spell hits Draco, Draco's pants fall down revealing him wearing a diaper and all the other students laugh at him. At the same time, Snape enters with his hands under his cape.)

DRACO: Ignore it! Ignore it, don't say anything! Stop it!

SNAPE: What the devil is going on here? Draco Malfoy pull those trousers up at once

DRACO: Professor I just-

SNAPE: I don't want to hear it. I need to see you in my office...

(Snape takes his hand out from the cape, revealing that it's been replaced with a hook instead of his hand.)

SNAPE: Now!

DRACO: This is all your fault, Potter! You'll pay for this, you'll all pay!

(Draco runs out with his pants around his knees with Snape.)

HARRY: *(to Neville)* Nice. You're the man!

CHO CHANG: That made me feel better.

(Hermione, Neville, Cho Chang, and Marietta all exit still giggling. Ginny wanders into the hall with a bag of Doritos.)

HARRY: Hey Ginny what's up? Hey, I hope you have something to say about Voldemort.

GINNY: Who?

HARRY: Whatever. *(she offers the bag of chips)* No, I'm fine.

GINNY: Um hey, Harry?

HARRY: Yeah?

GINNY: Um, so. We kissed at the Yule Ball? And, well, I thought we were gonna be together forever. But we're not.

HARRY: Yeah, that uh, pretty much sums it up.

GINNY: Hey, what's going on?

HARRY: *(gesturing to the newspaper)* Ginny, this is what's going on. Don't you get it? Everyone is in danger who's near to me. We can't be together because, well, if Voldemort is back, which he is, then you're in mortal peril. Don't you get it? It's just like the Spiderman movie. Haven't you seen that? MJ and Peter Parker can't be together.

GINNY: But the whole point of Spiderman 2 was that MJ and Peter Parker could be together and-

HARRY: Yeah I know, but the point of Spiderman 3 is that everything sucks and that falls to shit! Ginny, what I'm trying to say is I don't want my life to be like Spiderman 3, I hated that movie. Ugh, I'm sorry. It's just that's my little way of saying, well we can't be together. I'm sorry Ginny.

GINNY: *(starting to cry and exit)* I'm such an idiot!

HARRY: Ugh, I need a- I need a butterbeer.

(Ginny exits and Dumbledore, disguised with a beard, enters.)

DUMBLEDORE: Hey! Psst, Potter! Hey! It's me.

HARRY: Who are you?

DUMBLEDORE: (*lowering the fake beard*) It's Dumbledore! Listen, listen Harry, I've got some very important things I gotta tell you.

HARRY: What? Oh about Voldemort?

DUMBLEDORE: Yes! Things that are absolutely crucial for you to know but I can't get into it right now. I need you to meet in my office at ten o'clock and come by yourself. Bring that Invisibility Cloak of yours and don't go blabbing your mouth about this to anybody. Voldemort has spies that can be anywhere. Even inside of Hogwarts. From now on the only people you can trust Harry, is me and Severus Snape.

HARRY: Listen, Dumbledore, I know you don't want to hear this, but I am not so sure about Snape I think, I think- You know I'm pretty sure he's working for Voldemort.

DUMBLEDORE: What? That's stupid. You're stupid!

HARRY: No, I'm actually- I'm positive. That night in the graveyard some Death Eater cuts off his hand and Snape shows up without a hand-

DUMBLEDORE: Oh cockamamie! Snape has assured me that he lost his hand in an entirely unrelated incident.

HARRY: Dumbledore, why do you trust Snape so much?

DUMBLEDORE: Because I love him.

HARRY: Professor, I-

DUMBLEDORE: Hey, I don't want to hear anything else about it. There is no way that Severus Snape is, was, or ever shall be a servant of Voldemort's.

SCENE 2.3

(Snape stands outside Voldemort's office, which is being guarded by Death Eater #2 and DEATH EATER #4. Snape raises his fist and says:)

SNAPE: All hail Voldemort!

DEATH EATER #4: Severus Snape, what are you doing here?

DEATH EATER #2: Got tired of being on Dumbledore's lap?

DEATH EATER #4: I ought to Jelly-legs Jinx you right now, traitor!

SNAPE: Don't be goofy with me, I need to see Voldemort.

DEATH EATER #2: How do we know this isn't some Order of the Phoenix practical joke?

DEATH EATER #4: I thought you deserted the Death Eaters when the Dark Lord lost his body.

DEATH EATER #2: Or were you always a spy for Dumblebore?

DEATH EATER #4: Slumbersnore.

DEATH EATER #2: Bumblesore!

DEATH EATER #4: I heard you had your Dark Mark laser surgically removed.

SNAPE: Oh, well if you two know so much about me, you should write a biography: *Snape, The Double Agent!* *(he pulls down his sleeve with the hook, showcasing a Dark Mark)* That's right, I've always been a servant of Voldemort. I've simply been working undercover, finding out valuable information such as: the inner workings of Hogwarts, the roster of the Order of the Phoenix and finding out what exactly a true Hufflepuff is anyway.

SNAPE: *(continue)* I've seen things no Slytherin should see, so if you're done putting each other's feet in your mouths, I would like to see my master.

DEATH EATER #4: Of course. Right away, Severus.

SNAPE: Good! I'll be in the drawing room... Painting a picture of the stupid looks on your faces.

(Death Eaters 2 & 4 leave Snape behind as they enter Voldemort's office where Voldemort sits at his desk with Bellatrix sitting on top of the desk, facing away from Voldemort.)

BELLATRIX: Then, after sneaking into the Department of Mysteries, we'll enchant the-

DEATH EATER #4: Excuse me-

BELLATRIX: WHOA! Whoa! Whoa-ho-ho, excuse me! I was in the middle of plotting. Where was I? *(beat)* The statues will occupy the guards in the main lobby while you and I sneak into the Minister's office where you will be one Killing Curse away from complete control of the entire Wizarding world! How does that sound, my Lord? *(silence)* My Lord? *(still no response)* Voldemort?

(Bellatrix turns around to Voldemort, who's daydreaming, and she makes a grand "Ta-Da!" gesture.)

VOLDEMORT: Ahh yeah! Gringotts, that's great, that's great. Polyjuice potion, always very classy... I'm sorry, what are we talking about?

BELLATRIX: Did you hear anything of my evil plan?

VOLDEMORT: Well um, the details are a little fuzzy, but uh... but you did have a very evil tone!

BELLATRIX: *(to the Death Eaters)* He's all yours.

VOLDEMORT: Wh- no, what abo- but Bellatrix, come back!

(Bellatrix storms out of the office.)

VOLDEMORT: No it's! Aw, co- don't be like this. Aww... Now two people are mad at me! *(seeing the Death Eaters)* What?

DEATH EATER #4: Sir, Severus Snape is at the door and importunes access to you.

VOLDEMORT: Severus Snape? See him in.

(The Death Eaters leave and open the door for Snape to come in.)

SNAPE: *(bowing)* Is that a new body, my Lord? You look absolutely ravishing!

VOLDEMORT: Severus. For such a super secret spy, you're a terrible liar. I'm a wreck. You better have some good news.

SNAPE: My Lord, you know how for years we've been trying to sneak Death Eaters onto the grounds of Hogwarts?

SNAPE: Well I think I've finally discovered a way how.

VOLDEMORT: Well by all means, Snape, tell me.

SNAPE: I can't.

VOLDEMORT: Can't? Tease! Why not?

SNAPE: I made an Unbreakable Vow not to let any Death Eaters in.

VOLDEMORT: Unbreakable Vows, I hate those.

SNAPE: I know, but I had to do it in order to convince Dumbledore of my loyalty.

VOLDEMORT: Yes Snape, I understand. Well if you can't help me, what do you propose we do?

SNAPE: Well I can't tell you, but I've brought along someone who can.

DRACO: *(entering)* All hail Lord Voldemort!

(As the door opens on Draco, Voldemort breaks into laughter.)

VOLDEMORT: *(to Snape)* Lucius Malloy's boy?

DRACO: *(softly)* Malfoy-

VOLDEMORT: Are you serious? Help from a child, you've got to be kidding me. Don't make me laugh, I'm pissing.

DRACO: If this homemade Dark Mark won't convince you, *(he lowers his sleeve to show a poorly sharpie-drawn Dark Mark)* then at least hear me out.

VOLDEMORT: Okay, okay. How do you propose you get my Death Eaters into your little daycare center? And don't- and don't suggest a giant slide or a trampoline... because we've already tried those.

DRACO: The vents. Your Death Eaters shall enter through the ventilation system of Hogwarts.

VOLDEMORT: Duh! The vents! How do we find these vents?

DRACO: Oh I'll tell you how to get to the vents. But first, we discuss the subject of payment.

VOLDEMORT: Ah, the catch. There's always a catch. There's nothing in this world so cruel and demanding as the soul of a child. What do you want, Malloy?

DRACO: I want a galaxy traversing rocket ship with enough fuel to get me to Mars.

VOLDEMORT: What do you want with a rocket ship? What business do you have on Mars?

DRACO: Well, let's just say...

PIGFARTS, PIGFARTS, HERE I COME...

DRACO:

PIGFARTS, PIGFARTS, HERE I COME

PIGFARTS, PIGFARTS, YUM YUM YUM-

—

SNAPE: (*interputting*) No, no, no, no, with all my respect, my Lord. There's one tiny flaw in that flawless plan. Albus Dumbledore!

VOLDEMORT: Ah! You're right, Snape. Normally I'd say, "I'll kill him," but I- I haven't been feeling so evil lately. (*to Draco*) So here's how it's gonna break down, Milf-Boy, I need your guarantee that you'll lead my Death Eaters into Hogwarts. I will simultaneously be attacking the Ministry of Magic. Now I need you to promise that by the end of the siege of Hogwarts, Dumbledore will be dead. Leave Harry Potter for me. But Dumbledore... must die. (*reaching* Do we have a deal?

DRACO: We shall shake on it. *(spitting into his own hand)* An Unbreakable Vow.

(Voldemort recoils as Draco reaches his hand out, but after a moment of hesitation, Voldemort spits into his own hand with a gag.)

DRACO: Oh, I don't- I don't know-

(Voldemort grabs Draco's hand and shakes his hand, starting the vow)

VOLDEMORT: By the end of tomorrow night, Albus Dumbledore will be dead?

DRACO: Yes. And I'll have my rocket ship?

VOLDEMORT: When the technology is available.

DRACO: *(as quickly as possible)* And you'll have to be my slave for a whole day starting now!

(Voldemort pulls his hand away from Draco, sealing the vow.)

VOLDEMORT: NO! You little shit! You got me! You've got me! Ohh, that is so embarrassing! That's the second time that that's happened! That's why I hate Unbreakable Vows.

DRACO: There are so many things I'm going to have you do for me! You're going to clean my room, and lay out my knickers, and you're going to tape Wizards of Waverly Place for me!

VOLDEMORT: *(exiting with Snape)* I hate chores!

DRACO: I'll be busy with a murder!

(Draco crosses to center stage and starts to sing:)

DRACO:

SOMETIMES-

(Blackout.)

DRACO: *(in the dark)* What? Oh, come on!

SCENE 2.4

(A Hogwarts corridor in the middle of the night. Harry enters as Hermione follows him, holding the invisibility cloak.)

HERMIONE: Harry, why would Dumbledore want to meet us so late at night? Well he's got some information to tell us about Voldemort, did you bring the Invisibility Cloak?

HERMIONE: I've got it right here but-

(Ron enters the corridor, empty handed, and heads to the pair.)

RON: Alright Harry, this better be good. I don't have a snack, and I'm missing Wizards of Waverly Place for this, okay? So what do we have to do that's so damn-

(From the band, a member gives Ron a pack of Red Vines.)

RON: *(to Band)* Oh my God, thank you, I love Hogwarts.

HARRY: Hogwarts is amazing.

RON: *(offering Harry)* You want one?

HARRY: Yeah!

HERMIONE: You know what? I am leaving!

HARRY: *(grabbing her)* Whoa no no no no no you're not, no you're not. Okay when I said I needed your help I meant both of you, so you guys gotta get over these hurt feelings before somebody gets hurt, okay? So come on.

*(Harry knocks on the door to Dumbledore's office, where
Dumbledore quickly opens it, having expected him)*

DUMBLEDORE: Hello Harry- *(seeing Hermione and Ron)* Oh God dammit I told you to come by yourself. Why did you have to bring the fatties?

HARRY: Dumbledore, Ron and Hermione are my best friends. They're my best friends, and if this information is as important as you say it is, they have a right to hear it.

DUMBLEDORE: Well I've been wrong before, get in here hot legs. *(Hermione starts to follow, but he stops her)* I was talking to Weasley

RON: *(cutting in front of Hermione)* Thanks!

*(Dumbledore leads The Trio™ into his office, where we see a
large desk next to a bench and a hanging Zac Efron poster.)*

DUMBLEDORE: Sorry the place is such a sty!

RON: Oh my God! That is a boss Zefron poster.

HARRY: It's awesome.

DUMBLEDORE: Just the greatest. *(he sits at his desk)* You know in every interview I've ever seen him, he just seems like such a charismatic uh, humanitarian.

HARRY: *(joining Hermione and Ron on the bench)* You think you like him? Wrong, because I love him the most. Harry Potter loves Zac Efron more than anybody else on the planet.

RON: He does, that's- that's true.

HARRY: Anyway, no! That's not what we're here to talk about, we're talking about Voldemort.

DUMBLEDORE: Harry is right. *(he takes out a necklace from his desk and starts to play with it)* Not necessarily about Zefron, everybody knows that I like him the most, but uh, about the Dark Lord. If you, uh, were to defeat this guy, you're going to have to know about Horcruxes.

THE TRIO™: *(ad-libbing)* What is a Horcrux?

DUMBLEDORE: A Horcrux is one of the most terrifying pieces of magic that a wizard can create. It's actually when a wizard takes a piece of his soul and puts it into something else.

HARRY: Why would anybody ever want to do that?

DUMBLEDORE: Harry, if you have a Horcrux you can never truly die. Your body can be dead but your soul can live on.

HERMIONE: Oh, it makes sense now, Harry! Everyone knows that the night your parents were killed, Voldemort was destroyed but somehow he survived! He must have had a Horcrux!

DUMBLEDORE: He didn't just have one Horcrux, he had six of them!

I've already killed the first five for you, so don't worry about that. But you guys have to find the last one with this.

(Dumbledore pulls out a large sword, handing it to The Trio™.)

HERMIONE: The sword of Godric Gryffindor!

DUMBLEDORE: That's right.

HERMIONE: Godric Gryffindor was one of the four founders of Hogwarts. If anything can destroy a Horcrux, that sword is it.

RON: *(taking the sword)* This thing is so damn awesome. Oh my God. Every wizard should have a sword! *(pulling out his wand)* Not these stupid drum sticks! *(he throws his wand away)* Forget about them! *(he starts to swing the sword)* Yah! Hiyah! Yuh!

HARRY: Okay, you know what Dumbledore? So we know what a Horcrux is, that's all well and good, but how can we find one? Where are they? Where's the last one?

DUMBLEDORE: *(showing off the necklace)* We find them with this.

RON: Oh!

DUMBLEDORE: Looks like G-Unit bling, but it is actually a Horcrux-seeking medallion.

HARRY: Wait, that's a Horcrux-seeking medallion? I don't- That sounds a little too convenient.

DUMBLEDORE: Oh so you don't have problems with the Time Turner but with the Horcrux-seeking medallion?

HERMIONE: Wait, so if he has this piece of bling, then why are Ron and I even here?

RON: Yeah Voldemort isn't any of our business.

DUMBLEDORE: Hermione Granger! When one of you's has got a problem, that means all three of you's has got a problem. What would Zac Efron say at a time like this? *(he sings to the tune of the song)* "We're all in this together!" Anyway, you just gotta, you gotta find the Horcruxes and you gotta destroy them, that's the only way to beat the-

(Banging and stomping starts outside the office.)

DUMBLEDORE: What is in that- Oh! It must be the Death Eaters!
They're coming to kill me! Kids, get your beards on!

(He pulls out his beard disguise from earlier.)

HERMIONE: Wh- we don't have any beards!

DUMBLEDORE: *(to Harry)* I thought I told you to bring beards!

HARRY: We have an Invisibility Cloak?

DUMBLEDORE: Oh well put that on, it's not a beard.

(Dumbledore puts on his fake beard disguise and The Trio™ huddle under the invisibility cloak. Death Eaters #1, #2, and #3 all storm into the office.)

DEATH EATER #3: Hey, are you Dumbledore?

DUMBLEDORE: Oh no, no, no, you see I've got this beard on.

DEATH EATER #1: Well have you seen him?

DUMBLEDORE: Oh, I thought I saw someone over there by that bureau but I could have just been imagining what it was that I looked like without this beard on.

DEATH EATER #3: Alright everybody spread out and look for Dumbledore. He's gotta be around here somewhere.

(They look around and Death Eater #1 heads for the poster.)

DUMBLEDORE: Be careful with the Zac Efron poster, it's an antique.

DEATH EATER #1: Why do you care so much about Zefron?

DUMBLEDORE: I just appreciate his charms, and hair-

HARRY: *(under the cloak)* Yeah but everybody knows that I like him the best.

DUMBLEDORE: Oh my God shut up.

DEATH EATERS #1 & #3: *(ad-libbing)* What the hell was that?

DEATH EATER #2 I wish that I could say that, it was me because I feel that I love Zefron the most, but it was definitely a voice from within this room.

DEATH EATER #1: Is it an invisible man?

DEATH EATER #2: Could the predator be in the room?

DEATH EATER #3: Begin invisible man search!

(All three Death Eaters start to spin in circles and roll around with their arms out, looking for the invisible man. After a couple of moments, Dumbledore gives in before they can find The Trio™. He removes his fake beard.)

DUMBLEDORE: Alright, it's me! It's Dumbledore.

DEATH EATER #3: Dumbledore, where'd you come from?

DUMBLEDORE: The man with the beard turned me in.

DEATH EATER #1: Now we've got you right where we want you.

DUMBLEDORE: Yes, but what I don't understand is how.

DEATH EATER #2: We had the help of a man on the inside, someone you trusted. Someone you may have even loved.

RON: *(under the cloak)* Slughorn?

HERMIONE: *(under the cloak)* Lockheart?

DUMBLEDORE: Aberforth, my brother?

DRACO *(off-stage)* No!

(Draco dramatically slams open the door to the office.)

DRACO: It was me.

DUMBLEDORE: Malfoy, you little shit!

DRACO: That's right Dumbledore, I betrayed everyone and now I'm going to kill you.

DUMBLEDORE: Oh no you're not. Draco, If you were gonna kill me you would have done so already.

DRACO: *(raising his wand)* No! No, no. Not necessarily true! I just wanted to offer you one more game of Connect Four before I offed you.

DUMBLEDORE: Draco, there are other options. You know it is time you looked inside yourself and figured out what it is that *you* want.

DRACO: I want Hermione Granger! *(quickly)* and a rocketship.

DUMBLEDORE: Well why didn't you just take the girl out for a Happy Meal? Go to space camp, come on. Murder leads to a life of despair and desperation. I know you're gonna do the right thing, hey? Atta boy.

(As Draco lowers his wand in the comfort of Dumbledore, Snape barges into the office and the Death Eaters bow to him.)

SNAPE: What the devil is going on here?

DUMBLEDORE: Severus, thank you!

DEATH EATER #1: We've got Dumbledore cornered.

SNAPE: Well, what are we waiting for? Kill him! Do it, Draco!

DRACO: I don't think I can.

SNAPE: Coward! Ten points from Gryffindor!

(Snape pulls out his wand and raises it to a shocked Dumbledore.)

DUMBLEDORE: I don't understand, I gave you my letterman's jacket.

SNAPE: It never fit!

DUMBLEDORE: Oh God! Why didn't you tell me? I could have shrunk it with magic. Severus, please don't kill me!

SNAPE: *(casting, at Dumbledore)* Avada Kedavra!

(With a pain-filled scream, Dumbledore collapses to the floor. Snape has killed Dumbledore. Snape and the Death Eaters all rejoice as Draco stares at Dumbledore's lifeless body. Back in the corridor, The Trio™ all throw off the invisibility cloak.)

HARRY: I hate Snape! I hate Snape. I hate him, I'm gonna kill him.

HERMIONE: It's not your fault, Harry.

HARRY: No it is my fault, don't you get it? Everybody's dying because of me! First Cedric, now Dumbledore. I can't do it anymore.

RON: Come on, let's go to The Burrow. Come on!

HARRY: No don't you get it? I have to do this by myself. I did it once when I was a baby, I can't have you guys be near me. You're too much at risk.

HERMIONE: N-no, we don't care about the risk!

HARRY: No you don't understand. You- You have to get away from me

RON: You can't mean that.

HARRY: *(running off)* I do! Just leave me alone!

SCENE 2.5

(At the Ministry of Magic, Voldemort's attack is well-underway. In the Minister's office, Cornelius Fudge is at his desk as if nothing's happening. Voldemort and Bellatrix charge out of battle and into the office, wands at the ready.)

VOLDEMORT: Cornelius Fudge, the Minister of Magic.

FUDGE: I still don't believe you're back.

VOLDEMORT: Believe this, Fudge! *(casting)* Avada Kedavra!

FUDGE: *(falling into his chair)* A heart attack. Surely!

(Cornelius Fudge goes limp in the chair. Voldemort and Bellatrix both creep over the body to check if he's really dead. Upon the realization he is, they both scream with joy!)

BELLATRIX: Yes! Yes! The Ministry has fallen, yes! Now you're the Minister. Nay, the king of all magic!

(They both scream in laughter again. As their laughter dies down, they stare at each other, heavily breathing. They both drop their wands as Bellatrix starts to move towards the desk.)

BELLATRIX: Oh, Voldemort. Take me right here. Right now, right here on the Minister's desk.

VOLDEMORT: I'm gonna getcha!

(He starts to chase her in a circle around the desk.)

VOLDEMORT: I'm gonna getcha! Come here, Trixie!

(He eventually catches her and lifts her up in his arms and starts to run around. He abruptly stops when an idea enters his head.)

VOLDEMORT: Oh, wait. You wanna try something new?

BELLATRIX: Oh, so new!

VOLDEMORT: *(setting her down)* Get on the desk.

(Bellatrix lays herself out across the desk for Voldemort. He traces her body with his hands and then says:)

VOLDEMORT: Now sit up. Bitch.

BELLATRIX: *(sitting up)* Yes, command me, my Lord.

(Voldemort starts to crawl up onto the desk and towards Bellatrix. He runs his hand, from behind her, up her thigh and arm as he kisses her neck. He then sits on the desk, his back against hers with a sigh. Just like with Quirrell.)

VOLDEMORT: *(panting)* That's nice.

BELLATRIX: So what do we do now?

VOLDEMORT: Anything we want. Hang out mostly. We could watch a movie. How's about *She's All That*? I've never seen the beginning of it.

BELLATRIX: Are you feeling okay, my Lord?

VOLDEMORT: Of course I am, Quirrell.

BELLATRIX: *(jumping off the desk)* Alright, that's the dozenth time you've called me that!

VOLDEMORT: No, I uh- I called you a squirrel. I called you a squirrel.

BELLATRIX: No. You're thinking of that peon we sent to Azkaban.

VOLDEMORT: He's not a peon. He's more a man than you'll ever be.

BELLATRIX: *(fed up)* I can't do this. If I'm going to be evil with all of you, I need to be evil with *all of you*.

VOLDEMORT: Evil with all of me? Wh- What does that mean? I'm all right here.

BELLATRIX: No. There are pieces of you missing!

(Bellatrix grabs her wand and runs out of the Minister's Office.)

VOLDEMORT: Are you talking about my Horcruxes? 'Cause- 'cause if it- If it weren't for those I wouldn't even be here right now!

(Voldemort slams his fist into the desk where Bellatrix just was.)

MISSING YOU

(As Voldemort sits on the desk, Harry sits on the grounds at Hogwarts holding the invisibility cloak. Harry starts to sing:)

HARRY:

I CAN'T REMEMBER DAD

AND I CAN'T REMEMBER MOM
AUNTS AND UNCLES AREN'T QUITE THE SAME
BUT I HAD HIM
AND LIFE SEEMED FAIR
YES I HAD HIM
HE WAS THERE
TO GIVE ME STRENGTH, SHOW CONCERN
ASK FOR NOTHING IN RETURN
SAY HELLO, TALK ME THROUGH
DO THE THINGS THAT FATHERS SHOULD DO
AND I'M MISSING YOU
I'M JUST MISSING YOU

*(Quirrell appears at Azkaban wearing prison attire with a ball
and chain attached to his foot.)*

QUIRRELL:

THERE IT IS. HE'S GONE
AND HE'S HUNG ME OUT TO DRY
THE JOY HE SAID HE FELT, WELL
I GUESS IT WAS A LIE
BUT WHEN I HAD HIM
MY LIFE WAS FINE
WHEN I HAD HIM
HE WAS MINE
HE'D SHARE HIS THOUGHTS, BE A FRIEND
STICK WITH ME UNTIL THE END
WATCH A MOVIE, ROLLER-SKATE
FILL THE WORLD WITH FEAR AND HATE

HARRY & QUIRRELL:

AND I'M MISSING YOU
I'M JUST MISSING YOU
NOW I'M ALL ALONE
NOW YOU'RE GONE FOR GOOD
NOW I'M STUCK RIGHT HERE
WISHING I UNDERSTOOD

HARRY:

YOU GAVE ME HOPE WHEN MY SPELLS WEREN'T RIGHT

QUIRRELL:

YOU GAVE ME SOMEONE TO HOLD EVERY NIGHT
AND I'M MISSING YOU

HARRY:

I'M JUST MISSING YOU

QUIRRELL:

AND I'M MISSING YOU

HARRY:

I'M JUST MISSING YOU

HARRY & QUIRRELL:

YOU.



(The tableaux of Harry and Quirrell both disappear as Voldemort in the Minister's Office. Eventually, Death Eater #3 enters.)

DEATH EATER #3: My Dark Lord, news from Severus Snape, Dumbledore is dead and the dementors have control of the castle. Hogwarts is yours, my Dark Lord!

VOLDEMORT: Excellent! Prepare my flying machine! Looks like I'm going back to Hogwarts!

SCENE 2.6

(Back in Hogwarts, Harry sits mooping on a bench holding the invisibility cloak. Ginny runs in screaming for him.)

GINNY: Harry!

HARRY: Ginny, what are you doing here? Get out of here!

GINNY: No, there's no place to go! The Death Eaters are all over the castle.

HARRY: I know and they're looking for me and if they find me, they're gonna be with me. Y-you're gonna, you're gonna get in trouble! Get out of here.

GINNY: Well what are you gonna do?

HARRY: I don't know Ginny, I'm not cut out for this kind of thing

GINNY: Well no you have to do something. I don't know what you can do but you can do it! You're Harry Potter!

HARRY: No!

GINNY: You're the Boy Who Lived!

HARRY: No Ginny, you don't get it! None of you guys get it, I- I'm just a twelve year old kid.

NOT ALONE

HARRY: Ginny, I'm sorry but I'm alone. It's hopeless, right?

GINNY:

I'VE BEEN ALONE

SURROUNDED BY DARKNESS
AND I'VE SEEN HOW HEARTLESS
THE WORLD... CAN BE

AND I'VE SEEN YOU CRYING
YOU FELT LIKE IT'S HOPELESS
AND I'LL ALWAYS DO MY BEST
TO MAKE... YOU SEE

'CAUSE HARRY, YOU'RE NOT ALONE
'CAUSE YOU'RE HERE WITH ME
AND NOTHING'S EVER GONNA BRING US DOWN
'CAUSE NOTHING CAN
KEEP ME FROM LOVING YOU
AND YOU KNOW IT'S TRUE
IT DON'T MATTER WHAT'LL COME TO BE
OUR LOVE IS ALL WE NEED
TO MAKE IT THROUGH
NOW I KNOW IT AIN'T EASY

HARRY:

KNOW IT AIN'T EASY

GINNY:

BUT IT AIN'T HARD TRYING

HARRY:

SO HARD TRYING

GINNY:

EVERYTIME I SEE YOU SMILING

AND I FEEL YOU SO CLOSE TO ME
TELL ME

HARRY & GINNY:

'CAUSE BABY YOU'RE NOT ALONE
'CAUSE YOU'RE HERE WITH ME
AND NOTHING'S EVER GONNA BRING US DOWN
'CAUSE NOTHING CAN
KEEP ME FROM LOVING YOU
AND YOU KNOW IT'S TRUE
IT DON'T MATTER WHAT'LL COME TO BE
OUR LOVE IS ALL WE NEED TO MAKE IT THROUGH

HARRY:

WELL I STILL HAVE TROUBLE
I TRIP AND STUMBLE, TRYING TO
MAKE SENSE OF THINGS SOMETIMES
I LOOK FOR REASONS
BUT I DON'T NEED THEM
ALL I NEED IS TO LOOK IN YOUR EYES
AND I REALIZE

(Ron and Hermione enter the room.)

RON: Hey Harry!

(The four all run to each other and embrace. Ginny has officially become a part of The Trio™, making it now The Quartet™.)

THE QUARTET™:

BABY YOU'RE NOT ALONE
'CAUSE YOU'RE HERE WITH ME
AND NOTHING'S EVER GONNA TAKE US DOWN
'CAUSE NOTHING CAN KEEP ME FROM LOVING YOU

HARRY:

LOVING YOU

THE QUARTET™:

AND YOU KNOW IT'S TRUE
OUR LOVE IS ALL WE NEED TO MAKE IT THROUGH

HARRY: Guys, I'm so glad you came back. I'm sorry I shouted.

HARRY:

'CAUSE IT DON'T MATTER WHAT'LL COME TO BE

THE QUARTET™:

OUR LOVE IS ALL WE NEED

RON:

TO MAKE IT

HERMIONE:

TO MAKE

GINNY:

TO MAKE

HARRY:

TO MAKE IT

THE QUARTET™: *(in a rising harmony)*

THROUGH



HARRY: Cool.

HERMIONE: Alright now that we've got that four part harmony out of the way, why don't we go for that Horcrux?

HARRY: Yeah let's do it.

RON: Well, it could be anywhere. If I had a Horcrux I would drop it in the bottom of the ocean, or I would put it in a pyramid with King Tut and all of his jewels, or I would blast it into space with a monkey who knew nothing about Horcruxes.

HERMIONE: Or it could be hidden somewhere around the mundane British countryside, pur search could entail months of depressing camping, breaking into Gringotts, and drinking boatloads of Polyjuice Potion.

(Harry takes the medallion out of his pocket and lifts it up.)

HARRY: Well the medallion says that dumb, so we're not gonna do that. But it does say that it's in one convenient place, get this, Hogwarts. Wouldn't you know it?

RON: That's awesome. I love Hogwarts.

HARRY: What's even better, it's in Dumbledore's office!

RON: Oh, bitchin'

GINNY: Awesome!

HARRY: So let's go. Oh wait a second, wait a second. Hold the phone, how did you get here? The Death Eaters are all over Hogwarts.

GINNY: Oh, I had help.

HARRY: From who?

GINNY: Ta-DAAA!!!

(Ginny does a large ta-da motion to one side of the room, only for no one to be there. On the other side of the room, Draco enters.)

DRACO: *(quietly)* Oh, I'm- I'm over-

RON: Oh, he's over here. Malfoy!

GINNY: *(running to protect him)* Oh, no, no, no. He's really nice now.

DRACO: Um, I just wanted to say that song you guys sang was really beautiful... And um, while- while I was backstage I was, um, working on my harmonizing and I thought, um, maybe I could- maybe I could join you but ya- wrapped it up before I could chime in there. Maybe if you uh, if you do a reprise I could have a little go at it? So, um, but as- as Ginny said, I'm really nice now... And I just feel awful about what happened, but I mean. Could you argue that this was my fault?

RON: *(overlapping)* Yes, all the time.

HARRY: *(overlapping)* Absolutely, you're an asshole.

HERMIONE: *(overlapping)* Yes, yes.

DRACO: Yeah, that would be a safe argument. Uh, but, let me ask you one question. Do you think... I'm happy about this?

RON: Oh my God, Malfoy. Just because you're upset doesn't mean you're off the hook.

HARRY: Yeah, and furthermore, do you want to kick your own ass or should we do it for you?

HERMIONE: Yeah.

(The Trio™ all ready their wands, and sword, at Draco.)

DRACO: Oh, uh, well I guess if you're giving me the option. I'll... I'll kick my own ass. But, first I should teach you how to get into Dumbledore's office. It's ironically the same way the Death Eaters did.

HERMIONE: Okay, alright. Well why don't you boys head off to Dumbledore's office, okay? Ginny and I will take the Invisibility Cloak. And uh, we will see if we can contact the Order of the Phoenix, we really haven't seen them the whole play.

RON: Okay, that's a good plan.

HARRY: *(to Draco)* Okay, now don't touch me but let's get out of here. That's good.

(Ginny takes off in one direction with the invisibility cloak as Harry and Draco take off in the other. Ron stops Hermione.)

RON: Um, hey, hey Hermione! Here come here, come here. Come downstage.

(They both move downstage center and talk.)

RON: Um, listen. Shit. Um, alright. Uh, hey, so... I've been acting like a real jerk-ass lately, you know that, and uh, and I'm sorry. It's just, it's just seeing you dance with everyone at the Yule Ball just made me kind of jealous. I was- I was jealous.

HERMIONE: *(excitedly shocked)* You were jealous?

RON: That's the third time I said I'm jealous.

HERMIONE: Uh, well Ron, we don't really have to talk about this right now.

RON: Well what if the Death Eaters get us? What if we don't come back, you know?

HERMIONE: Ron, don't say that-

(Ron pulls her in for a quick kiss, then immediately pulls back.)

RON: Whoa.

(They both start panting, using their hands to check their breath.)

RON: Oh my God.

HERMIONE: Oh.

(They shuffle towards each other and reach in for a kiss. Before they meet, they breathe and both pull back.)

RON: Oh, no way.

HERMIONE: Nope.

(Ron pulls out a breath spray from his pocket.)

RON: Take that, *(he sprays it in her mouth then his own)* It's Blueberry.

HERMIONE: Yeah, I can taste that.

RON: Good. Let it settle.

HERMIONE: Yeah, yeah. *(breathes into Ron's face)* Okay?

RON: Awesome.

(They lean into each other and Hermione runs a hand through Ron's hair. They awkwardly and passionately start to french kiss, their tongues not knowing where to go. Ron takes her to the ground, and they both pull apart and start panting loudly. Ron stands up above her while she props herself up, reclining on the floor, and he yells:)

RON: ROARRRRRRR! AHFFF! UGH! *(he playfully swats at her face, and starts to walk away)* ARGH! LET'S GO KILL VOLDEMORT!

SCENE 2.7

(Harry, Ron and Draco all enter Dumbledore's office. Ron goes in first, sword at ready, searching for Death Eaters. Harry walks through with the medallion trying to locate the horcrux. Draco walks over to Dumbledore's desk. The Zac Efron poster falls off the wall, startling Ron, and Draco goes to pick it up.)

DRACO: Do you blokes see this Zefron poster?

RON: *(overlapping)* Yeah we know Malfoy.

HARRY: *(overlapping)* We already know about it.

(Draco keeps admiring the framed poster in his hands.)

HARRY: Listen Malfoy, it's not that big of a deal. Can we just look for some Horcruxes please?

RON: Roger. *(looking through desk drawers)* This thing of pencils a Horcrux?

HARRY: *(holding the medallion to it)* No that's not a Horcrux.

DRACO: *(holding an entire desk drawer)* This a Horcrux?

HARRY: *(holds the medallion)* Nope.

DRACO: Powdered Donettes?

HARRY: *(looks at the medallion)* Nope.

RON: *(taking the donettes from Draco)* Those are snacks, those are snacks. *(holding up the sword)* This a Horcrux?

HARRY: Try again.

RON: Ugh! This could take forever, he owns so many things that are in this room, but the only thing of real value. That Zefron poster.

HARRY: Wait a second.

DRACO: No.

HARRY: You don't think...

DRACO: No!

HARRY: *(picking up the poster)* Anything related to Zac Efron would never be anything evil.

RON: That's impossible. No way.

(As Harry lifts up the framed poster, Zac Efron's face gets replaced with Voldemorts. He drops the poster and it starts to fly.)

VOLDEMORT: RAHHH!

HARRY: Ron! Kill it! Kill it, it's the last Horcrux. Kill it Ron!

DRACO: Don't kill it! It's Zefron!

RON: I don't know, he's so charismatic!

VOLDEMORT: Don't kill me! I'm not your enemy, Potter is the enemy.

RON: No, no, no, Harry is my friend

VOLDEMORT: You gotta get your head in the game, Weasley! He will betray you. He will take that which you want the most.

HARRY: It's a lie, Ron! Don't listen to it, he's lying.

VOLDEMORT: I know your thoughts Ronald Weasley. I know what you truly desire...

(Voldemort's face disappears, only to be replaced by Hermione's.)

HERMIONE: Hello Ron!

RON: Oh my God, Hermione, you've lost weight.

HERMIONE: That's right. I'm in shape for Harry Potter.

RON: Wait, what- Harry?

HERMIONE: That's right! As long as Harry's around you'll always be second best, least loved... But if Harry Potter were gone, then we could be together forever.

HARRY: Ron! It's not true. It's not true, Ron.

RON: Yeah, Harry's my friend.

HERMIONE: But don't you want me Ron?

RON: Yes.

HERMIONE: Don't you love me Ron?

RON: Yes!

HERMIONE: Then you know what you gotta do, Ron!

RON: Yes.

(Ron enters a possessed daze and starts to walk towards Harry. Though Hermione's face is still on the poster, her voice has been replaced by Voldemort's.)

RON: I must kill Harry.

HERMIONE/VOLDEMORT: That's right Weasley!

HARRY: Ron! No! It's a trick, Ron. Don't listen to her! Stop it! Listen, Hermione's my best- one of my two best friends! I would never do anything to hurt you or her!

HERMIONE/VOLDEMORT: Lies Weasley! All lies. You will suffer!

HARRY: Ron it's not true! You're my best friend, man. My best friend!

HERMIONE/VOLDEMORT: Kill him! KILL HIM!

RON: NO!

(As Ron stands over Harry with the sword, he breaks free from his possessed daze and charges for the poster. He swings and stabs wildly as the poster lets out grumbled screams from the mimicked voices of Hermione and Voldemort. With a final stab, the poster falls to the floor.)

HARRY: Do it again!

(Ron hits the poster once more with his sword. The three men all stand there frozen for a moment, before Draco goes for the poster. Ron falls to the ground and starts to open the powdered donettes.)

DRACO: Oh just- put some tape on this, it's fine.

HARRY: Ron. You had me going there for a minute, buddy.

RON: Oh yeah. Sorry about that, pal. It was just... Everything she was saying, you know, and it feels like I couldn't- I dunno...

HARRY: What?

RON: Even if that's how she did feel about you and me. Well, it wouldn't matter, 'cause you're my best friend. I would never... *(getting up)* do anything to hurt you. Because I love you.

HARRY: *(starting to cry)* I love you too, man.

RON: Come on!

(Ron grabs Harry and pulls him into a deep hug, as Draco stands awkwardly with the Zefron poster. Draco tries to join the hug.)

HARRY: *(to Ron)* I love you man, that's so great...

RON: *(pushing Draco away)* No touching, no, no.

DRACO: Well um, listen chaps. As fun as this was, I thought destroying a Horcrux would be much harder.

HARRY: Yeah.

RON: Me too. 'Cause when you think about it, horcruxes are just kind of stupid.

(Bellatrix runs in with Death Eater #2 holding Hermione hostage and Death Eater #1 & #4 holding Ginny. All them are screaming, wands pull out and at the ready, startling Harry, Ron, and Draco, who ready their own wands, and sword.)

RON: Whoa, whoa, whoa!

BELLATRIX: Wands down boys!

DRACO: How did you idiots get captured? You were invisible!

HERMIONE: Sorry!

BELLATRIX: Do it Potter! Or they die!

HARRY: Well, looks like we've got our backs up against the wall with nowhere to go. Put your swords down, and wands.

(Harry, Ron and Draco all drop their weapons, though Draco is still holding the defeated Zefron poster.)

BELLATRIX: Aww, look at itty bitty Harry Potter giving orders to his itty bitty diaper friends!

HARRY: I'm not a baby! I'm not a baby, I'm twelve and I killed a Horcrux.

(Snape barges into Dumbledore's office with a dramatic poise.)

SNAPE: What the devil is going on here? Whoa, deja vu, I'm so...

DEATH EATER #1: Victory Snape!

BELLATRIX: I love it! We have Potter and his friends at last!

HERMIONE: *(yelling at Snape)* You are a very mean person!

RON: Yeah, Dumbledore trusted you!

HARRY: Yeah, you're a big fat traitor Snape.

SNAPE: Oh a traitor? Am I, Potter? You're exactly right, I am a traitor... Because I'm about to betray someone. Right. Now!

(Using his hook, Snape cuts off Death Eater #4's hand on Ginny, causing him to fall to the ground in pain.)

SNAPE: *(casting, at Death Eater #1)* Crucio!

(Death Eater #1 falls to the ground, as Ginny runs over to Harry.)

SNAPE: *(casting, at Death Eater #3)* Bat-Bogey Hex!

DEATH EATER #3: No!

(Death Eater #3 drops their wand and their hold on Hermione, allowing her to join the rest of the kids. Death Eater #3 then starts to bat their arms as if they were a bat themselves. They fly in a circle then out of the room as Bellatrix approaches Snape.)

BELLATRIX: *(casting, at Snape)* Expelliarmus!

(Snape's wand flies out of his hand but he charges at Bellatrix, raising his hook. Bellatrix casts one more spell, stopping him.)

BELLATRIX: *(casting, at Snape)* Serpensortia!

(A serpent flies at Snape and bites his wiener through his pants.)

SNAPE: *(screaming in pain)* My wiener!

ALL KIDS: *(ad-libbing)* Snape! No, Snape!

(Snape falls to the ground and the kids all start to move towards him, but Bellatrix steps in between raising her wand at them.)

BELLATRIX: Don't even think about moving unless any one of you wants a snake to the wiener!

BELLATRIX: *(continuing)* Now come on Potter, you're coming with me. Only the Dark Lord has reserved the right to kill you. Come on!

(Harry starts to follow Bellatrix over to the office door, but before they can get far, MOLLY WEALSEY, Ron and Ginny's mother, slams over the door. Bellatrix and Harry immediately stop.)

MOLLY: Kids!

RON & GINNY: Mom!?

HARRY: Mrs. Weasley?

BELLATRIX: Who the hell are you?

MOLLY: I'm Molly Weasley and those are my kids! *(casting, at Bellatrix)* Avada Kedavra!

BELLATRIX: *(throwing a fit)* That is not fair!

MOLLY: *(casting)* Die! Bitch!

(With a final fighting moment squished by Mrs. Wealsey, Bellatrix falls to the ground with a sickening thud, dead.)

RON: Holy shit! Mom you just killed her! *(Ron and Ginny run to hug Molly)* I thought you were going to tuck in her shirt or make her do the dishes!

(After a nice hug, Molly does the Weasley Hand-Clap in both Ron and Ginny's ears, causing them to wince in pain.)

MOLLY: Stupid kids!

RON & GINNY: Ow! Ow! Ow.

MOLLY: Desperate time calls for desperate measures! Even the Unforgivable can be considered forgivable sometimes.

GINNY: What are you doing here?

MOLLY: We came here with the Order of the Phoenix. Lupin, Tonks, Mad-Eye Moody, Sirius Black, and your brother Fred.

RON: Oh great, where are they?

MOLLY: They're all dead.

GINNY: Fred... no!

MOLLY: *(without skipping a beat)* Anyway... Just came here to save your lives, go back to what you were doing. Disapparate!

(With a final blown kiss to her kids, Molly runs out of the office. Harry and the rest of the kids all run over to Snape, still convulsing in pain on the floor with the snake on his wiener.)

HARRY: Snape! Snape!

SNAPE: Ohhhhh!

HARRY: Snape! Snape! *(casting, at the snake)* Expelliarmus!

(The snake detaches from Snape and Harry sits Snape up in his lap. Ron runs over to the snake to kick it to death.)

RON: *(to the snake)* Die! Die!

HERMIONE: Oh no! Harry, this does not look good! That is a coral snake, and a coral snake is a highly poisonous snake!

SNAPE: She's right, it's too late for me now. *(to Harry)* Before I go I need to tell you, there is another horcrux.

DRACO: What?

HERMIONE: How can that be? All six have been destroyed.

HARRY: Yeah!

SNAPE: No, no, there's a seventh.

RON: I really hope it's not an Ashley Tisdale poster, I can't do that.

SNAPE: Check the medallion!

(Harry takes the medallion out of his pocket and lifts it, nothing.)

HARRY: It doesn't say anything.

SNAPE: But give it to Granger!

(Hermione takes it from Harry, holds it up, and finds something.)

HERMIONE: Wait, but it- It says there's one right here but I don't understand.

SNAPE: Harry, the night Voldemort killed your parents, he tried to destroy you too but his body was destroyed instead. When that happened, a part of his soul was blasted away from the whole, and attached itself... to you. Voldemort can never truly die until all the Horcruxes have been destroyed.

HERMIONE: But if... if Harry's a Horcrux, I mean, does Harry have to be destroyed?

HARRY: There's got to be another way!

SNAPE: No, Potter. *(sitting up fully)* I'll show you what you need to do. Watch very carefully...

(Snape takes a breath, and then fully collapses back into Harry. All the kids stare at him lifeless for a moment. Snape's dead.)

DRACO: He... he didn't even do anything?

HARRY: That's cause he's dead, you dumb mother-

(Before Harry can curse, Voldemort appears in a tableau, using his wand to talk over the school's PA system. He bangs his wand on the floor as a death march starts. He then speaks:)

VOLDEMORT: *(clears his throat)* People of Hogwarts. My Death Eaters have taken the castle... And your headmaster, Albus Dumbledore... he's dead. Continue to resist, and you will all be killed one by one. But... there need not be war between us. You all fought so valiantly, and I'm willing to offer you positions in my new world order as my slaves. Give up now and be forgiven. I command my Death Eaters to stand down. Now, Harry Potter. I speak directly to you. You do not wish for those closest to you to continue to suffer and die on your behalf, you will come face me yourself. I will be waiting for you in the Forbidden Forest for one hour. At the end of that hour, you have not come to face me, have not- turned yourself in... The battle recommences. This time, Potter, I shall enter the fray myself. And I will find you. And I will murder every last man *(Ron gasps)*, woman *(Hermione gasps)*, and child-

DRACO: *(gasping)* No!

VOLDEMORT: -who has tried to conceal you from me. Voldemort out, bitches!

(Voldemort taps his wand on the floor and the PA stops.)

HERMIONE: Alright guys don't worry. We- we still have an hour. Okay? We just need to come up with a plan.

HARRY: No, there's- there's no plan Hermione. I know what I have to do. I- I have to die.

GINNY: No, no, no, no, there's got to be another way!

HERMIONE: Well, m-maybe there's something, uh... Maybe there's something in this book. You know we- we could find some sort of enchantment that will nullify-

HARRY: No, no forget about it. There- There's only one thing to do. I have to die. I love you all... *(beat)* Except you Draco, I can't fucking stand you. *(to Ginny specifically)* Goodbye.

(Harry runs out of Dumbledore's office, leaving his friends behind.)

GINNY: Harry...

RON: Harry!

SCENE 2.8

(An empty clearing in the Forbidden Forest, a meadow that's beauty has been sucked dry. Voldemort is pacing, while Death Eater #1 and Death Eater #4 watch.)

DEATH EATER #1: He's not coming, my Lord.

VOLDEMORT: It seems that way... Well Death Eaters, looks like we're going back to seize the castle.

(Harry creeps into the glade, under the invisibility cloak's guise.)

VOLDEMORT: This is what Potter has chosen. It's funny I... I expected him to... I expected him to come. It seems I was mistaken.

(As Voldemort and the Death Eaters start to leave, Harry uncloaks himself to the group.)

HARRY: You weren't!

VOLDEMORT: Huh? *(he turns around)* Harry Potter! The Boy Who Lived... *(casting, at Harry)* Crucio!

HARRY: Ah! Ow!

(Harry falls to the ground under the pain of the spell.)

VOLDEMORT: *(casting once more)* Crucio!

HARRY: Ow! Ugh, ow!

VOLDEMORT: You're not even going to fight back? You're weak... Weak... Just like your... Parents. They did not deserve to live in this world- In my world! Prepare to join them. Prepare. To die. (*casting, at Harry*) Avada Kedavra!

(With a final moment of throes, Harry's body goes limp. The Boy Who Lived has now died. After a moment of silence, the Death Eaters start to cheer for Voldemort.)

DEATH EATERS: (*cheering in unison*) Voldy! Voldy!

DEATH EATER #1: You've done it my Lord. Potter is dead!

DEATH EATER #4: No one shall ever question your powers again!

VOLDEMORT: Yes...

DEATH EATER #1: Doesn't this please you my Lord?

(Voldemort circles Harry's body and then finally says:)

VOLDEMORT: Yeah... Yeah, it's great, it's *great*. I just thought it might make me feel less empty inside. Well Death Eaters, we go back to Hogwarts to tell them of what has become of their... Hero.

(Voldemort leads the Death Eaters back to Hogwarts.)

SCENE 2.9

(The Void, a place between life and death. Harry springs up, as Dumbledore enters with a bench and legal pad.)

DUMBLEDORE: Hey, Harry.

HARRY: Whoa! Dumbledore, wha-? What are you doing here? What am- where am I? I thought I was dead. I got shot by Voldemort.

DUMBLEDORE: Let's just say, you're somewhere between our world and the next.

HARRY: What? Did I survive? What- What happened?

DUMBLEDORE: Wouldn't be the first time, Potter. Take a seat.

HARRY: Alright?

(Harry walks over and stands next to the bench Dumbledore has put down and is now sitting now. He looks around the void.)

DUMBLEDORE: Harry. Have you ever heard of a lo- *(noticing Harry still standing)* Sit down! *(Harry sits down)* Have you ever heard of a love shield?

HARRY: Uh... no but it sounds kind of... Kind of fruity.

DUMBLEDORE: A love shield is anything but fruity. It's when somebody loves you so much that if they were ever willing to give their life for you, that love literally becomes a shield that surrounds your body. To protect you from any form of Dark Magic.

HARRY: So is that what just happened to me? I have a love shield?

DUMBLEDORE: Harry, it's time for you to learn all the things you should have known seven years ago, which really would have helped you along the way. *(reading from the legal pad)* The love shield protected you the first time, uh, Voldemort accidentally turned you into the seventh Horcrux. The one that not even he knew about. Uh...

HARRY: And that's how I survived the first time!

DUMBLEDORE: Exactly, and when Voldemort tried killing you this time, he was actually unknowingly killing the piece of himself inside of you, uh, and I've known the whole time.

HARRY: You knew this whole time? You bastard.

DUMBLEDORE: Hey, hey. They don't call me the greatest wizard who ever lived for nothing. Harry, it is time for you to get your cute little butt back there, and fight him as a mortal man. Except this time, he will be a mortal man too.

HARRY: *(a light bulb clicks on)* Dumbledore, I get what you're saying. I know what I have to do.

DUMBLEDORE: Good boy, good boy.

HARRY: Hey, before I go... um. So you're clairvoyant now, right? You can see the past, the present, and the future all at the same time?\

DUMBLEDORE: Oh yeah!

HARRY: Can you explain to me how Lost ends?

(Dumbledore stares off into the distance, then turns away.)

DUMBLEDORE: Harry, there are some questions that even I can't answer.

HARRY: Thanks man.

DUMBLEDORE: Hey, no problem. Get out of here. Third door on your left!

(Harry leaves as Dumbledore stands waiting. Eventually, RUMBLEROAR, the lion headmaster of Pigfarts, enters.)

RUMBLEROAR: Are you ready to go, Dumbledore?

DUMBLEDORE: Sure am, Rumbleroar!

RUMBLEROAR: And you're sure you don't want to let Harry Potter know that you're really still alive?

DUMBLEDORE: Uhhh, no. *(climbing onto Rumbleroar's back)*
Pigfarts has been a closely guarded secret for thousands of years. It'd be a shame to let the cat out of the bag, no pun intended.

RUMBLEROAR: I suppose you're right. Do you have your spacesuit, Dumbledore?

DUMBLEDORE: Oh! Thank you for reminding me!

(Dumbledore runs off and grabs a spacesuit and helmet he puts on. He then comes back and gets back on Rumbleroar's back.)

DUMBLEDORE: Ready to go, Rumby?

RUMBLEROAR: I sure am. To Pigfarts! *(roaring as loudly as he can)*
Rumble-ROAAARRRRRRRRRR!

SCENE 2.10

(The great hall cafeteria is full of students. Over the PA system, and in a tableau, they hear Voldemort speak:)

VOLDEMORT: People of Hogwarts, it's me. Harry Potter... is dead. He was killed while running away, trying to save himself, while you laid down your lives... for him. The battle is won! My Death Eaters outnumber you. Continue to resist and be slaughtered. Come out of the castle! Kneel before me, and you may be spared!

(Voldemort taps the floor with his wand and disappears. In the great hall cafeteria, we see the remains of the Hogwarts student body. Draco and Neville are sprawled out on the floor, with Crabbe, Goyle, Hermione, Ginny, Pansy, Lavender, Hannah, and ERNIE MACMILLAN, another Hufflepuff, all sitting around the hall. Ron and Cho Chang pace around, making a plan.)

RON: Ah shit. Okay, um... Alright, *(to Pansy and Lavender)* uh you guys. You guys barricade the door. Go with, with the bench. Go, go. Do it right now.

(Pansy and Lavender take the bench they were sitting on and use it to barricade the door.)

RON: *(to Cho Chang)* Um, Cho! You- you see if Neville's dead *(to Hannah & Ernie)* Um, you guys! Uh, go get snacks! Ah shit, we barricaded the door. Me... I will... will quit... Well, there's only one thing we need to do. We're gonna fight.

DRACO: (*rolling on the floor*) Ugh, come on I'm tired. Can't we just be Death Eaters?

RON: No! No, we can't just be Death Eaters. Okay? We are gonna fight! Okay? And we are gonna fight so hard! That we are gonna win.

VOLDEMORT IS GOING DOWN

RON:

HE THINKS THAT WE'RE FINISHED
HE THINKS THAT WE'RE DONE
HE THINKS THAT IT'S OVER
HIS BATTLE IS WON
HA!
HE THINKS THAT WE'RE FINISHED
NO, BUT WE'RE AREN'T THROUGH
STOP AND THINK, MY FRIENDS.
WHAT WOULD HARRY DO FOR YOU?

HERMIONE:

HARRY NEVER GAVE UP THE FIGHT
HARRY STOOD UP FOR WHAT IS RIGHT
WELL NOW IT'S OUR TURN

RON & HERMIONE:

OUR TURN!
MAKE A JOYFUL SOUND
VOLDEMORT IS GOING DOWN!

RON: (*to the students*) Yah! Come on! Get in a line!

RON, HERMIONE & GINNY:

WE MUST UNITE SO WE CAN FIGHT
TURN THE BATTLE AROUND!
TIME'S RUNNING OUT
IT'S TIME TO SHOUT
VOLDEMORT IS GOING DOWN!

HERMIONE: *(to Draco)*

CAN'T YOU FEEL A FIRE BURNING?
NOW IT'S TIME TO BE A MAN
A GREAT BIG,
MUSCLEY,
SUPER BIG,
SUPER HOT MAN!

DUMBLEDORE'S ARMY:

WE WON'T BE PUSHED AROUND ANYMORE
WE'LL BE A FORCE YOU CANNOT IGNORE
WE'LL BE AN ARMY FOR DUMBLEDORE
FOR DUMBLEDORE!

(At mention of his name, a tableau of Dumbledore dancing to the song briefly appears before disappearing from view. The students, now formed as Dumbledore's Army, start marching.)

DUMBLEDORE'S ARMY:

WE MUST UNITE SO WE CAN FIGHT
TURN THE BATTLE AROUND!

TIME'S RUNNING OUT
IT'S TIME TO SHOUT
VOLDEMORT IS GOING DOWN!

*(Harry runs into the hall and a scream to erupt from the DA,
because Harry Potter is still alive!)*

HARRY: Guys I'm alive!

THE DA: *(ad-libbing)* Harry! Oh my god! You're back!

HARRY: Guys, I know how to defeat Voldemort Everybody follow me,
okay? We're gonna beat him.

THE DA & HARRY:

WE MUST UNITE SO WE CAN
FIGHT!!!
TURN THE BATTLE AROUND!
TIME'S RUNNING OUT. IT'S TIME TO SHOUT!
VOLDEMORT IS GOING...
WE MUST UNITE, SO WE CAN FIGHT
VOLDEMORT IS GOING DOWN!



*(As they finish the song, the Death March from earlier is heard
outside the door. Cho goes over to open it, yet Ron stops her.)*

RON: Cho, no!

(As Cho Chang runs back to the rest of the DA, there's a knock on the door. The knock continues, growing in volume.)

GINNY: *(overlapping)* No, no, no, no, it's cool. We barricaded it.

RON: *(overlapping)* It's alright. He can't get in. We barricaded the two doors and it's fine.

DRACO: *(overlapping)* It's fine guys, it's all fine.

HERMIONE: *(overlapping)* It's impossible. It's impossible. Don't worry about it-

(Voldemort comes out from the curtain leg, going around the door, causing the DA to scream. He sees the bench and casts:)

VOLDEMORT: *(casting, at bench)* Avada Kedavra!

(It obviously doesn't do anything. He kicks it aside, then goes over to the DA. Upon seeing Harry alive, he stops in his tracks.)

VOLDEMORT: What!? Potter!? How many times do I have to kill you, boy?

HARRY: Clearly more than once. But it's all over Voldemort, 'cause you can't kill me this time. Nobody help me. I gotta do this by myself.

(Harry and Voldemort now both have their wands drawn and ready to duel standing across from each other, as the DA looks onto the battle from the sideline.)

VOLDEMORT: He doesn't mean that! It's not how he operates, is it boy? Who you gonna use as a human shield this time, Potter?

(Ron steps forward and starts to walk between Harry and Voldemort, until Harry and Ginny notice.)

HARRY: Don't-

GINNY: Ron!

RON: Oh.

(Ron returns to the DA, standing next to Ginny and Hermione.)

HARRY: Nobody! Because this time it's just you and me. Because all the Horcruxes are gone. I destroyed them all.

VOLDEMORT: What? Even my Zefron poster!?

HARRY: Especially the Zefron poster!

VOLDEMORT: No! Curse you, Potter! You'll die for that!

HARRY: No! I won't, I won't, because you can't kill me, and you can't kill any of these people.

VOLDEMORT: What the fuck you on about?

HARRY: You don't learn from your mistakes, do you Voldemort? I was prepared to die to save these people.

VOLDEMORT: But you didn't!

HARRY: Yes, but I meant to, and that's what did it. I've done what my mother did for me for these people. I've given them magical sanctuary so you can't hurt me, or these people ever again!

VOLDEMORT: So what? Who cares about these children? It's you I want dead, Potter.

VOLDEMORT: What's to stop you from dying when I strike?

HARRY: Just one thing. Think about all the people you've hurt, Voldemort. All the lives you've destroyed, all the people you've killed. Okay? Maybe try a little slice of remorse pie.

VOLDEMORT: What?

HARRY: There's got to be one person... one thing in your life that you miss, that you regret.

(He thinks of Quirrell, as a reminiscent tune is played on the keys.)

VOLDEMORT: Well, maybe there's one I...

(Voldemort snaps out of it, and points his wand at the pianist.)

VOLDEMORT: No! There isn't! The joke's on you, Potter! I don't care about anybody!

HARRY: I know, and that's what makes you such a piece of shit. 'Cause here at Hogwarts we all stick together. We love one another. We're friends. My love's protected these guys, and their love is all I need to protect me from you.

VOLDEMORT: Let's put that theory to the test, Potter. *(casting, at Harry)* Avada Kedavra!

HARRY: *(casting, at Voldemort)* Expelliarmus!

VOLDEMORT: Doy!

(Voldemort's wand goes flying as Voldemort starts to spasm. He collapses onto the grounds. The Dark Lord has been defeated.)

CHO CHANG: Well chocolate frogs! Harry Potter did it, y'all!

(The DA all erupts in thunderous applause. Ron runs and grabs Voldemort's wand, replacing his own, as Goyle, Neville, and Ernie drag his body away. Ginny runs over to Harry and throws her leg up on him, causing him to dip her into a passionate kiss, which they take to the ground quickly. Ron sees this and immediately goes:)

RON: Whoa, whoa, whoa, whoa! Listen, Hey!

HARRY: *(getting up)* What?

RON: Just wanna let you guys know, um... That I'm totally cool with it. Go on, Go, make out with him. *(to Hermione)* Come on. Make out with me.

(After a brief kiss for each couple, The Quartet™ all join in a group side hug.)

GINNY: Guys, I mean, I guess that about ties up all the loose ends!

RON: Yeah! Everything's cool!

HERMIONE: Oh! Except for the House Cup Tournament!

NEVILLE: *(running into the hall)* Gents! Gents, look at this, I found Dumbledore's will!

THE DA: *(ad-libbing)* Dumbledore's will? Gather around.

NEVILLE: It says in the event of my death, Gryffindor wins the House Cup! *(the DA cheers)* It also says that Hogwarts goes to Harry Potter, my chocolate factory goes to Charlie, and Toontown goes to the Toons!

(The DA all cheer once more as Neville tosses the will.)

HARRY: Hey guys, well I guess all the professors are dead, so...
Butterbeer's on me!

RON: Come on!

(With a final cheer, Dumbledore's Army, the last remaining students of Hogwarts, all run off to enjoy a long night of drink and merriment at Hogsmeade. The battle is over and they can finally, for once, just rest.)

SCENE 2.11

(The island of Azkaban. A DEMENTOR walks a lonely Quirrell out of the prison onto the beach, handing him his old clothes.)

DEMENTOR: Free to go.

QUIRRELL: Thank you.

DEMENTOR: You know, while I was devouring every single one of your happy thoughts... They all seem to be about a certain friend of yours. Care to talk?

QUIRRELL: No, no that's behind me now.

DEMENTOR: Sorry. Well did you hear the news? Voldemort is dead! Yeah, good luck getting off this impenetrable island.

(The dementor leaves as Quirrell stares out to the ocean.)

QUIRRELL: Dead!?

(He throws his clothes on the ground, grabs a rock, and throws it at the water, causing it to skip a couple of times. He retreats into himself and starts to cry. Voldemort, now as just a soul without a body, walks onto the bench. A reminder of how they first met.)

VOLDEMORT: Hey you.

QUIRRELL: Voldemort is it... is it really you?

VOLDEMORT: What's left of me.

QUIRRELL: But I just heard that you were-

VOLDEMORT: Destroyed? *Yeah...* But Quirrell there's- There's part of me... that's still here. And I can't go on to the next plane without it. It's a part of me that can't be destroyed. Because it's right... *(he moves towards Quirrell)* In... *(he places a finger on Quirrell's heart)* Here.

QUIRRELL: In my heart? *(a heartwarming beat)* So you came back?

VOLDEMORT: I came home.

QUIRRELL: And you don't want to kill Harry Potter anymore?

VOLDEMORT: *No...* No. Because I learned something when I had my body back, Quirrell. I learned that life is really messy...and complicated and- And it doesn't turn out the way that you think it will. And that- you- You think killing people might make them like you but it doesn't. It just makes people dead. I got ki- I got killed by a two year old!. And it's really embarrassing, and everyone says "When you gonna come back, Voldemort?", "When you gonna take over the world?", and it's on me! It's all on me! And I'm sitting there by myself 'cause no one wants to help. And I say to myself, "Maybe with Quirrell, things would be okay."

QUIRRELL: Is okay good?

VOLDEMORT: Quirrell! Okay is wonderful!

FINALE (NOT ALONE, REPRISE)

(Reminiscent of an early 2000s rom-com, Voldemort and Quirrell run at each other in slow-mo. As they reach each other, Voldemort and Quirrel's souls link together once more as they go back to back.)

COMPANY:

BABY YOU'RE NOT ALONE

CAUSE YOU'RE HERE WITH ME

(The full company comes out as they join in a giant group hug.)

AND NOTHING'S EVER GONNA BRING US DOWN

'CAUSE NOTHING CAN

KEEP ME FROM LOVING YOU

AND YOU KNOW IT'S TRUE

IT DON'T MATTER WHAT'LL COME TO BE

OUR LOVE IS ALL WE NEED TO MAKE IT THROUGH!

(Bows.)

(Curtain.)

AVPM

Harry Potter and his friends are in for a totally awesome year at Hogwarts as the House Cup Tournament returns and the Dark Lord Voldemort comes back from the dead to seek revenge on The Boy Who Lived!

When he's already dealing with the problems stemming from his best friend Ron, his best female friend Hermione, his best friend's idiot kid sister Ginny, his worst enemy Draco, his supermegafoxy-awesomehot crush Cho Chang, his crush's stupid boyfriend Cedric Diggory, and the suspicious new dark arts professor Quirrell, how is this twelve-year-old supposed to deal?

So grab your invisibility cloak, floo powder, and fake beard because it's time to go back to Hogwarts!



This script was made by Rylie Verner for their own pure enjoyment and to share with fans. No profit was made off the creation of the script and no profit will ever be made from it. Anyone is free to download, share, and repost this script wherever they would like, but you are not allowed to put it behind any form of paywall.